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THE
MYSTERIES OF THE CASTLE:

A
DRAMATIC TALE,

IN
THREE ACTS:

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE ROYAL,
COVENT-GARDEN.

WRITTEN BY
MILES PETER ANDREWS, Esq.

DUBLIN:

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M,DCC,XCV.



P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Mr. HARLEY.

LONG have been serv'd from this our motley stage,
Repasts for various tastes—from youth to age—
To lively Miss, escap'd from School and toil,
Our sports have oft bestow'd the infant smile,
While the rude boy, from Westminster or Eton,
Who "spies," and "quizzes" one, where'er they meet
one.

For them, our brilliant Ballets drawn from Greece,
Restore their Greek—without a rod a piece.
While tricks and tumbling honest John employ,
Who drinks his punch aloft, and screams with joy.
The wife is all for music, shakes and thrilling,
Old maids, from soft humanity, love killing:
Each has his taste: for married life may say,
Not oft' two persons think in the same way.

Our Bard, long known to you, this night makes up,
Of various beverage—a kind of *cup*;
Of Music, Pantomime, and graver scenes,
Perhaps a dash of terror intervenes;
Should not all these sufficient change supply,
If you condemn—there will be—*Tragedy*.

But, Britons, while a neighbouring nation's crimes
Have spread war wide, and made these—"Iron
Times,"

Greet you, the moral virtues of the STAGE,
Which haply may amend an erring age;
That Arts and Sciences may take their place,
That the domestic ties may have their grace,
The rights of sweet humanity be known,
And freedom fixed by law, reign like your own!

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Hilario, (friend to Carlos)	<i>Mr. Lewis.</i>
Carlos,	<i>Mr. Pope.</i>
Fractioso, (a man in power at Messina)	<i>Mr. Quick.</i>
Count Montoni (a Sicilian nobleman)	<i>Mr. Harley.</i>
Montauban (Falconer to the Count)	<i>Mr. Incledon.</i>
Bernardo (Steward to ditto)	<i>Mr. M'Cready.</i>
Cloddy (a country fellow)	<i>Mr. Fawcett.</i>
Valoury, (Servant to Carlos)	<i>Mr. Munden.</i>
Fisherman,	<i>Mr. Powell.</i>
Centinel,	<i>Mr. Williamson.</i>
Serjeant,	<i>Mr. Davenport.</i>
Captain of Vessel,	<i>Mr. Thompson.</i>
Julia, { daughters to }	<i>Miss Wallis.</i>
Constantia, { Fractioso }	<i>Mrs. Mountain.</i>
Annette, (Constantia's waiting woman)	<i>Mrs. Mattocks.</i>

Sailors, Peasants, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE—Messina and Parts adjacent, afterwards on the Coast of Calabria.

The Mysteries of the Castle:

DRAMATIC TALE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A View of the City of MESSINA, the
Bay, Mount ÆTNA, &c. &c.*

SICILIAN GIRLS *coming from the Mills, going to
Market with Eggs, Garden Herbs, Fruits, &c. &c.*

CHORUS.

(*Accompanied with Sicilian Instruments.*)

GAILY tripping to and fro'
We village maids to market go,
And with jest and jocund lay,
Oft beguile the tedious way;
Nor stop to make our purpose known,
Till we've reached the destined town.

SOLO.

Then with smiles and court'ly meet,
Welcome customers we greet;
And our pittance to improve,
Barter every thing but love.

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D U E T and C H O R U S.

Feigned affections, purchas'd darts,
Ill accord with virgin hearts;
There our innocence we prove,
Bartering love alone for love.

[*Exit, dancing and singing.*]

Enter VALOURY.

(*As they go off calls after them.*)

Valoury.—Holloa! Damsels! Stop a little, and I'll ease you of your wares, I'll warrant you. Well, thank Heaven, we're arrived in a cheerful country at last. (*looking about*) Bless me! What a charming air! And what a charming appetite it gives one! I have scarcely swallowed any thing but dust for these three weeks, but here ends our tedious journey—Yonder is the city of Messina, and hard by resides the man my master is in search of—Why my master has left Savoy, to seek this interview with poor dead Julia's jealous husband, I am yet to learn—Oh! Here he comes.

Enter CARLOS.

Carlos.—At length, Valoury, the hurry of travelling is over—you now will have time to recover your fatigue.

Valoury. Yes, Signor Carlos, and to lose my appetite I hope; for the one is as irksome a companion as the other.

Carlos. Would my distresses could be as easily removed as yours—The shade of my departed Julia haunts me at every turn, and her injured memory calls aloud for vengeance.

Valoury. Ah! Sir, if grief or resentment could restore her to life, I'd starve myself into a passion with pleasure; but as that is impossible, might I advise you,
Signor,

Signor, I should recommend a temperate meal or two, before we proceed any further.

Carlos. Temperate! Valoury, can anguish insupportable be temperate! Listen to the story of my heart—That Julia, the hapless wife of the imperious Count Montoni, whom thou saw'st interr'd at Palermo—

Valoury. And a melancholy sight it was, Signor Carlos—I remember I was just sitting down to an excellent barbacue, smoaking hot, when the procession passed the window; but so it is, whenever a man is upon the point of being happy, some cursed thing or other always interferes to chill his prospects.

Carlos. Think, Valoury, of an attachment begun almost in childhood, and improved with growing years; when love's soft wishes were sanctioned by reason, and dear expectation nourished by consenting friends.

Valoury. What then was the cause of your losing her?

Carlos. Her father's avarice and ambition. This proud, indignant Lord, the Count Montoni, with large possessions, and extended power, was captivated with my Julia's blooming charms, and, do I live to repeat it, tore her from me in the moment when she was to have been mine for ever.

Valoury. But how came the Lady to consent?

Carlos. There thou hast touched the cord of anguish in my breast; *that* drove me from my native home, to seek in solitude a calm, which, alas, Valoury, thy master's heart can never more experience; *that* brings me back again on the wings of rage, and vengeance, to demand atonement for the wrongs too great to be endured. [With great energy.]

Valoury. Bless me, Sir! Has any thing happened lately?

Carlos. Yes; from the amiable Constantia, the only surviving sister of my hapless love, I learn by papers found since her decease, that the most infernal arts were put in practice by the Count and his adherents,

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rents, to bend the timid fair-one to their cruel purpose.

Valoury. Mercy on me! My hair stands on end. They hinted too at Palermo, that the Lady's death was sudden and extraordinary.

Carlos. By basest forgery she was induced to believe I had already been wedded to another.

Valoury. To another indeed! As if Gentlemen of your prudent turn of mind, did not think one wife at a time quite sufficient.

Carlos. But the hour of retribution is at hand; meanwhile bear this letter to Constantia—Her father, old Fractioso, is one of the Chief Magistrates in the city. I would on no account that he should hear of my return; therefore be careful to deliver it into her own hands.

Valoury. Trust it to me, Signor, and Dad shall know no more of the business, than an Ex-minister does of the Cabinet, or a fashionable husband of his wife's bed chamber.

Carlos. From her you may learn tidings of my friend, Hilario, whose return from Germany I expect about this time; and I know, notwithstanding her father's obstinate prohibition, Constantia is not insensible to his deserts.

Valoury. And a charming Gentleman he is; would he were here—his cheerfulness would drive away your honour's melancholy—sorrow with him, is like a bad Signet, it squeezes the surface, but leaves no impression. [Sound of horns.

Carlos. Hark! Here come the Falconers with their Hawks—we must not be seen, retire—be expeditious, and meet me at the Hotel.

Valoury. At the Hotel—ah! Sir, you need not doubt my expedition; for sure no love sick girl in Europe can be more sharp set than is your honor's very hungry, humble servant. [Exeunt severally.

Enter

Enter MONTAUBAN in a Falconer's dress, with Hawks, &c.

A train of Sportsmen all in shewy apparel, with high plumes of feathers.

SONG.—MONTAUBAN.

Heighlo! Heighlo! The morning is up,
And the gallant Falconers abroad;
We've each of us had a flirrupping cup,
And of game we'll bring home a load—
Uncouple the Spaniels, and let the dogs try,
See the partridge there on the wing;
Quick, quick! Jolly Falconer, let the hawks fly,
'Tis a pleasure fit for a king.

Then mark the swift Hawk—see him now make his swoop,
Ah! Down goes the game! Call him in then! La leup! La leup!

II.

Barons of old, and Princes so high,
Loved Hawking as their lives;
The health of the field, and the Falconer's cry,
Drown'd even the pipes of their wives:
Our Hawks, they are a Gallantie show,
With rings and feathers so fine;
The Falconer laughs at sports below,
And cries, "the air is mine!"

What Sportsmen to joys then inferior wou'd swoop,
When the summit of sporting is Hawking! La leup! La leup!

Enter COUNT MONTONI.

Count. Montauban, draw near; thy activity and diligence are commendable—are the Hawks strong and eager?

Montauban. Well, my Lord—no doubt we shall have sport.

Count. Methinks I shall not sport to-day—dismiss thy followers a while—I would confer with thee in private.

[The train go off.]
Montauban.

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Montauban. How shall your vassal repay this condescension?

Count. Thou know'st Annette, I think, Constantia's woman.

Montauban. I do, my Lord.

Count. And toy'st with her occasionally?

Montauban. The damsel has charms, and I admire them, nothing more.

Count. I do not mean to chide thee, gentle Montauban, nor thwart thy amorous pursuits—they may, perchance, enable thee to do me service.

Montauban. O! Let me fly to execute your commands.

Count. Then, thus it is. I have reason to suspect that Constantia holds secret correspondence with Carlos, my avowed, and mortal foe; the man who in life's childish, thoughtless hour, stole my wife's affections; for whose sake she shun'd my embraces, and notwithstanding her father forced her to be mine, withheld from me a husband's lawful rights, and died the sullen vestal she had lived.

Montauban. You astonish me, my Lord—

Count. Exert thy influence with this forward waiting woman; caress, cajole, do any thing thou canst to discover, if possible, these dark proceedings; for know, thy master's peace, his fame, his honor, nay, his life may be at stake.

Montauban. Forbid it Heaven!

Count. Hast thou seen Bernardo, my trusty Steward lately?

Montauban. Nor these two days as I think—he seemed wrapt up in thought, and deeply pensive.

Count. Did he so? I do not wonder at it; for indeed, I dread his presence. (*aside.*) He has done me signal service, and I mean, as suits my character and station, to give him due reward.

Montauban. Your Lordship's ever bountiful and good.

Count. I thought to have met him here—he will not be tardy to attend—I tremble at the interview—yet how avoid it—it shall be so (*aside*), tho' Bernardo

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do is deserving of my warmest gratitude, yet the load of obligation bears so hard upon my nature, I cannot, will not see him face to face, till opportunity afford him ample recompence.

Montauban. Such ever is the case with noble minds !

Count. Do thou go forward—meet him on the way—give him this ring, as earnest of my friendship—tell him we shall meet anon—meanwhile he'll rest assured, my favour shall go hand in hand with his desert to latest life—haste thee, good Montauban.

[Exit Montauban.]

Count. (*alone*) Right glad I am this meeting is awhile delay'd ; for tho' I have gone too far to recede, tho' injured pride, and wounded honor, demand from the offender due explanation ; and though I am certain Bernardo has used every precaution to secure us from discovery, yet such are the weak workings of my mind, there is a something which I cannot shake off, that makes me shudder at the thought of seeing him.

[Going.]

Enter CARLOS.

Carlos. Pardon me, Count Montoni, if I thus intrude upon your privacy, and dare to interrupt your progress.

Count. Ha ! My detested rival. (*aside*) I see you dare invade the privilege of decorum, and intrude upon me like a lawless robber.

Carlos. Spare your opprobrious epithet—it recoils upon yourself—who wa'st that robb'd me of my heart's best joy ? The lov'd companion of my early years—the allotted partner of my future life ? Who was't that basely practis'd on a timid female, and in conjunction with a sordid partner, led her to pronounce unwilling vows, and meanly triumphed o'er a forced consent ?

Count. I scorn your imputation, and despise your vanity ; thus idle coxcombs, when their schemes are baffled,

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baffled, and the light froth that flatters giddy girls, are in more ripen'd years seen through and slighted, they know not how to bear their humbled pride, but fly to falsehood and abuse for shelter.

Carlos. Infamous evasion !

Count. Go—learn to check this habit of conceit ; learn to endure the freaks of female minds ; and condescend to think, the gallant Carlos, tho' in the zenith of his youth's career, may sometimes suffer from a jilting mistress, while men, with less desert, may prove more fortunate.

Carlos. Your levity, Count Montoni, is contemptible, and your insinuation ungenerous as unjust—did I not, soon as I heard the gentle maid had yielded to your solicitation, and, as I then thought, from worldly motives, abandoned the heart she once had deigned to prize ; did I not tear myself from my friends, my family, my home, quit the fond scenes where I had been so blest, and with a bosom bleeding at every pore, leave you to the uninterrupted enjoyment of your nuptial happiness ?

Count. Why then return to brave me unprovoked, and interrupt domestic grief ? My wife is now no more ; you can no longer plume yourself upon her favour, or attack the sacred honour of a husband.

Carlos. Heaven grant me patience ! Must I then repeat the wrongs thou hast done me, and sting thy hardened bosom with reproach ?

Count. Go on—I'm proof against a ruffian's foul invective.

Carlos. (*Draws.*) Draw then, and with thy sword defend, what, with thy tongue thou can'st not.

Count. 'Tis well I am prepared, else had thy murderous intent been gratified. [*Drawing.*]

Carlos. Base slanderer ! But words are useless, I come not to remonstrate, but to punish.

Count. Have at thee then, assassin, as thou art !
[*They fight.*]

Enter

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Enter BERNARDO.

Bernardo. What do I see? My Lord, my Lord—is this the method to secure your wishes?

Count. Bernardo! (*sinks his sword*). Then I must pause—no power on earth but thee could stay my arm.

Carlos. I see you are now protected; but mark me, Count; my justice shall not sleep till treachery like thine, feel the repentment it deserves. [*Exit.*

Count. (*Speaking after him*) Take my defiance with thee. Bernardo, thou art welcome! Indeed thou art. I did not think we should have met so soon.

Bernardo. Not so soon, my Lord! I came hither by your own appointment.

Count. True: I sent a message to thee, by Montauban, but no matter—this rencontre has determined me—we have no time to lose—I had some compunction; but now rage and jealousy resume their sway.

Bernardo. Let them not transport you too far—we have hitherto proceeded with discretion; but caution still is necessary.

Count. The funeral at Palermo will lull suspicion.

Bernardo. No doubt, my Lord, it will—but this intruder, Carlos, must be guarded against.

Count. Vile miscreant! His efficacious return has fixed my wavering resolution, and nerved my trembling hand—to-night, at the castle let us meet.

Bernardo. We will, my Lord.

Count. Provide thee a torch—a spade—the dagger shall be mine.

Bernardo. I shall not fail.

Count. (*Gives him a casket.*) My trusty Bernardo, take this casket, it contains jewels that belonged to—what shall I term her? They now are yours—I am resolved—Oh love! what art thou to revenge!

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E

SCENE II.

A Room in FRACTIOSO'S House—Large door in back Scene—Large window likewise, with dressing table, &c. &c. under it.

Enter FRACTIOSO and ANNETTE.

Fractioso. Hah! What—when—how—a tall, raw boned fellow, you say, will come into my house, whether I will or no.

Annette. Yes; and will see my young Lady, whether you will or no, and will shake you by the fist, whether you will or no.

Fractioso. And he shall feel my fist too, if he dare inroach upon my premises.

Annette. So I told him; but it signified nothing—Says I, my Master, though a sweet-tempered, sweet-spoken, good kind of a good-looking old gentleman—

Fractioso. Pooh! What signifies all this foolery?

Annette. Not much, indeed, for he would not believe a syllable.—What then, says I, I suppose you think he is a little four faced, cross grained, peevish, pettish, surly, avaricious—

Fractioso. Hold your larum, do, Mrs. Minx, and come to the point at once.

Annette. Well, isn't this coming to the point at once?

Fractioso. You say he has something to communicate—What sort of a person is he?

Annette. He looks like a servant.

Fractioso. Ay, an humble servant, I suppose.

Annette. Humble indeed! I never saw a saucier fellow since I was born; he treats me with no more respect, than if I had been his equal.

Fractioso. You are not his inferior in pertness, that I can warrant—Where is he all this time?

Annette.

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Annette. Below in the pantry, stuffing himself with a brace of the best partridges in the whole larder.

Fractioso. Ha! what—devouring my property—Run, Annette, fetch him before me this instant.

[*Exit Annette.*]

Partridges, forsooth! Zounds! he's the most impudent marauder I ever knew—to plunder the garrison, before a parley can take place.

Enter CONSTANTIA.

Constantia. Dear Sir, what is the matter? Has any thing happened to disconcert you?

Fractioso. Any thing! Yes, every thing!—I am vexed—teazed—threatened—eat up alive.

Constantia. Mercy on me! who can have done all this?

Fractioso. Who? A man—and he would do as much for you, if he could get at you.

Constantia. A man!—Pray don't be alarmed on my account, I'll face the danger.

Fractioso. No doubt you would—You have face enough for any thing—I dare say he'd like a young chicken as well as a partridge—but I'll take care to damp his appetite—Oh! here he comes—Do you, Constantia, stand at that end of the room.

Enter ANNETTE, and VALOURY gnawing a bone, and walking up to FRACTIOSO in an impudent manner.

Valoury. I never tasted a better bird in all my life.

Fractioso. Keep your distance, fellow.

[*Walking from him, and putting Constantia away.*]

Valoury. What, you are the Lord of the Manor, I presume.—Do you want a game-keeper?

Fractioso. I'll soon let you know what you want—A magistrate.

Valoury. Oh, ho! You're a magistrate, are you?
Pray

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Pray lend me your arm—I love to have Justice on my side. [*Takes him by the arm, and walks with him forcibly near Constantia.*]

Frattioso. Why, you audacious varlet, would you assault my person, after having stolen my property?

Valoury. Lord, Sir, you quite mistake me; I come to protect your person and property too—There are other people waiting to steal it.—You know Signor Carlos?

Frattioso. Ha! Who—Carlos? Well—what of him?

Valoury. Please to dismiss the Lady of the Bed Chamber—I only speak to principals in office—always mute before underlings.

Frattioso. Annette, retire! And do you hear, let us have none of your listening tricks.

Annette. I listen! I'm sure there's nothing that underlings need stay for; for I fancy I leave both knave and fool behind me. [*Bouncing out.*]

[*Valoury shews the letter to Constantia as soon as she is gone, so as not to be seen by Frattioso.*]

Constantia. (*Advancing near.*) Now, Sir let us draw near to him, that we may not be over-heard.

Frattioso. Keep away, child—Why should we fear being over-heard—Come, firrah, what have you to tell us?

Valoury. (*Trying in vain to give the letter*) Signor Carlos, you must know is—is—

Frattioso. (*Peevishly*) What the devil is he? Have you got a pain in your shoulders, that you can't keep your arms still?

Valoury. He is a great friend to one Hilario.

Constantia. (*Agitated.*) Hilario, said you! What of him?

Frattioso. (*turning to his daughter*) That's no business of yours—Do you presume to make enquiries after a fellow not worth a dollar—the greatest coxcomb in all Messina.

Valoury. And the most impudent dog in all Italy—he once gave me such a slap on the shoulder—[*Slaps*

Frattioso rudely on the shoulder, and as he turns

to resent it, passes the letter to Constantia on the opposite side, as he turns.

Frañiofo. Why, rascal, scoundrel—how dare you treat me with such familiarity?

Valoury. I ask pardon! It's a way I have, I only meant to enforce my argument—but I have done—my errand is completed—mute as if your honour was an underling. *(Exit.*

Frañiofo. Get out of my house, you impudent ragamuffin! This fellow's coming here, had certainly more meaning in it, than I have been able to discover. *(aside)* This is all your doing, Madam Headstrong—One daughter had the perverseness to die on purpose to plague me, and you seem determined to live on the same system.

Constantia. O! Sir, think on my poor sister's hard fate; let that be a lesson to you. Had she married the man of her choice, she might now have been alive to thank you for it.

Frañiofo. The man of her choice! What, that pauper, Carlos, the intimate friend of the prating puppy, Hilario, that you would throw yourself away upon. But I'll take care to prevent it—To day you shall be lock'd up, and to-morrow sent away to a nunnery.—Annette! Annette!

Enter ANNETTE.

Where is the key of this apartment?

Annette. In my pocket, Sir.

Frañiofo. Then take it out of your pocket, Ma'am, for I mean to put it into mine.

Annette. *(Pulling out a bunch)* Lord, Sir! it's fastened to a great swinging bunch—I don't think I shall be able to get it off.

Frañiofo. Then open the door with it on—for I am determined to keep my daughter under lock and key.

Annette. Not in that room, I hope, Sir; for they say, since poor Madam Julia's death, evil spirits have walked there.

C

Frañiofo.

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Frañiso. Evil tongues have talked there, more likely—Give me the key directly.

Annette. I must change my ground. (*Aside.*) To be sure, Sir, here it is. (*fumbling to get the key of*) If a young Lady will be obstropolous, why, she ought to be locked up.

Constantia. What, are you against me too?

Annette. 'Tis every one's duty to be against you, when you run headlong to destruction. Shall I open the door, Sir?

Frañiso. Ay, do, child: I see you are a good, sensible girl, and more discreet than I thought you.

Annette. The very words my grandmother used to make use of: poor old woman! Your honour always puts me in mind of her. (*Trying the key.*) Fecks! I believe the key-hole is stopt up.

Frañiso. Stopt is it? Well, go and look for something to clear it—You'll find a file, Annette, in the breakfast chamber.—No—now I think of it, I'll go myself, for the tea-chest was left open, I believe, and there's no trusting a waiting woman within the scent of fouchong. Take care of your young Lady till I return. [*Exit, looking back all the way.*]

Annette. (*Peeping after him.*) I believe I can open the door now; Miss Constantia, will you take a peep at your prison?

Constantia. Are you really what you seem, Annette?

Annette. I follow the way of the world, ma'am; but don't mind a little confinement, it's only a prelude to matrimony—look in, and see if there are any spirits. [*Opens the door, and HILARIO comes out in a travelling cap.*—CONSTANTIA screams.

Hilario. Am I so frightful then, my dearest Constantia! Does this travelling equipage make me look like an hobgoblin?

Constantia. In the name of wonder when did you arrive?

Hilario. Not an hour ago—I passed thro' Italy on a gallop—crossed the bay in a storm, landed at the quay in a whirlwind, and flew like lightning to visit my

my adorable, without waiting for my toilette, as you see; though many a trim barber eyed me wishfully as I scoured along the street, as who should say, "would I might take your worship by the nose!"

Constantia. But how, Hilario, did you gain admittance?

Hilario. By the assistance of this, my better angel; she that pretended to take your father's part.

Annette. Yes, Ma'am; I always take the blind side, and so I'll fasten the door on the inside.

[*Bolts the Stage-door.*]

Constantia. But, Hilario, my friend, it will be impossible for you to continue here.

Hilario. But, Constantia, my love, it will be impossible for me to continue any where else.

Constantia. Will you listen to me?

Hilario. For ever, so you don't desire me to leave you; after having scampered across the Continent like a greyhound, it were hard to be turned out like a mongrel; besides it would be so ungrateful to your indulgent papa, who has thus kindly left us together.

Constantia. Mark what poor Carlos writes, (*reads*) "I am returned to Messina, for the sole purpose of avenging my Julia's death—should you see Hilario, tell him I am desperate, and may stand in need of his assistance."

Hilario. A very pretty summons! Because he's desperate, he supposes I must be mad; and you, my Constantia, in return for the hole you have made in my heart, want to have a bullet popt thro' my noddle.

Constantia. Unkind Hilario! You know the sincerity of my character; though fully tinctured with my sex's levity, I am above the little artifices which they generally adopt—notwithstanding your eccentricities, I am convinced of the goodness of your nature, and believe me, it possesses all my esteem.

Hilario. For that dear confession, let me but touch the tip of the nail of your fore-finger, (*kissing her hand,*) and command me all over the world.

Constantia. Fly then to your friend—conjure him to relinquish his designs—tell him my sister's wrongs

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are buried with her in the grave; and say, his interference may renew our sorrows; never can redress them.

Hilario. I fly at your desire (*going to the door,*) but hold—I believe I must fly through the keyhole, for Daddy Cautious has double lock'd the prison, (*noise without*) Zounds! somebody is at the door.

Fraçiofo. (*without*) Constantia! Annette!

Annette. As I live, it is the old one again! What shall we do? If you return into the other room, he'll search it, and we must let him into this—for heaven's sake, Sir, get up the chimney, or out of the window.

Hilario. Then another old one, that you may have heard of, must assist me—do you think I can climb like a squirrel, or fall upon my legs like a cat?

Fraçiofo. Annette, open the door.

Hilario. Do as he tells you, and rely upon me; if I can't tumble out of window, I can tumble in, which will be a much safer experiment; only prepare yourselves with a good scream to honor my entrée.

Fraçiofo. Annette, I tell you, open the door.

Annette. Coming, Sir—my Lady and I have been taking a nap. [*As just awaked.*]

[*Hilario opens the window, then puts his leg out, as if mounted on a ladder, affecting drunkenness, and speaking to persons in the street.*]

Hilario. Take away the ladder, my boys—I have done with you.

[*Annette opens the bolt of the door, and just as Fraçiofo enters, Hilario tumbles from the window into the room, oversetting the dressing table, &c.*]

(*getting up*) Here I am old trusty!—I was determined to make you a visit, and finding your doors lock'd against me, I made bold to come in at the window.

Fraçiofo. That wicked dog, Hilario! Oh, you villain! I'll have you laid by the heels, that I will.

Hilario. That's right, father, take care of my heels—you see I have taken care of my head already.

Fraçiofo. You're a house-breaker—you want to plunder my property, and run away with my child.

Hilario,

Hilario. Damn your property—I'll have none of it; and as for your sweet child, I adore her—and you too, old surly—I'll adore you too.

[*Taking hold of him.*]

Fractioso. Help! Help! He will murder me, and ruin the women. Constantia, why don't you run for assistance?

Constantia. Lord, Sir, there's no occasion to be in such a panic—it's only a drunken frolic—I dare say the gentleman will do us no harm.

Fractioso. (*mimicking her*) I dare say you'll think it no harm, let the gentleman do what he will.

Annette. Right, Sir—there your honor put me in mind of my poor old grandmother again.

Fractioso. And this is the fellow you wou'd give me for a son-in-law?

Hilario. Yes, I am he, Holofernes—I am the very fellow—Come, give us your blessing, old boy, and who knows, but in good time, you may have a supply of young ones.

Fractioso. Give you my blessing? Give you a halter! Get out of my house, this instant, if you don't wish to be hanged up in the court-yard.

Constantia. (*to Hilario*) Pray, Sir, be so kind as to walk down stairs—no doubt you have friends in the neighbourhood, who may be uneasy at your stay—Pray begone.

Hilario. I am off—much adored nymph—damsel of divinity—I'll do what you desire—steady, steady to my promise—farewell, old Coffer.

Fractioso. Away with you, you filthy sot.

Hilario. (*stopping his mouth with his hand*) Hold—no words—I'll tell you a story.

Fractioso. I dare say you will—a thousand. But leave my house, and never let me see your face again.

Hilario. You shan't—you shan't see my face, old Cormorant; for I'll come back in a mask, and we'll have some fun, my man of merit, we will. Harkee! Do you know me? (*imitating a masquerade character.*) I am son-in-law to little Fractie, the

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justice grinder, as cross-grained a crab as any in all Messina. He possesses more ducats than I do doits, and yet thinks as much of burning an inch of candle, as I shou'd of illuminating the whole city. Nevertheless I'll hug the old rogue, that I will—I'll hug him into good humour.

[Goes to embrace Fracisio, who roars out and drives him off.]

Fracisio. Murder! I shall be suffocated—Help to turn him out *(returns and adjusts himself)* Mercy on me! There is no security for one, either at home or abroad—All the bolts in the world can't keep a forward girl in the house, or a hankering fellow out of it.

Constantia. Dear papa, you do not, indeed you do not pursue the right method to secure my duty, or your own peace. Would parents treat their children as friends, instead of keeping them at a severe distance, the social communication of each other's sentiments, would enable one party to give better advice, and induce the other more readily to accept it.

TRIO.

Annette
Constantia.

Annette:
Both
Fracisio.
Annette.
Fracisio.

Annette.
Fracisio.
Annette and Constantia.
Fracisio.

Trust to me.
Depend on me.
We'll your confidence reward;
Lock and key—no hold can be—
Honor is the surest guard;
Safer still when double barr'd.
Oh! how charming!
How alarming!
Still my shoulders feel the blow.
Two such maids—
Say, two such jades,
Must delight where'er they go.
Must distract where'er they go.

SCENE

SCENE III.

The outside of an old Castle with large gates closed, a turret door is visible in the interior of the Castle—a hole in the wall, that appears to lead to a subterraneous passage—The whole wears an appearance of great antiquity and ruins.

Enter CLODDY with a quantity of bares, partridges, &c.

Cloddy. Well done, Cloddy! Thee didn't lay thy snares last night for nothing—By the dickens, here's as pretty a bunch of preserved property as any justice would wish to see at his table; and a pretty round sum it will bring me, when I ha' got it safe housed—for our old rich citizens do so like a tit bit, especially when it is prohibited—and why should they not? They call me a poacher—mayhap, so I be.—what then—so be other people. It's my belief as how it's a pretty general trade.

S O N G—CLODDY.

In poaching all mankind delight,
 Late and early,
 Prizing dearly
 Every scheme by day or night
 To wire draw one another:
 Friends to trap, the wit will try,
 He tips the wink, and cocks his eye,
 And while he looks so woundy fly
 Makes game, e'en of his brother.
 Smoke the joke;
 What fool so dull!
 Always grinning,
 Mouthing, chinning—
 Let us quiz,
 His ugly phiz;
 Giggling, whilst he's grinning—

See

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See Miss and Madam lay their snares,
 Painted faces,
 Studied graces,
 All for catching unawares;
 Flights of gamesome lovers;
 Madam plays the Harpicoles,
 And squall, affected rigmarols
 While Miss in dancing, reels and drolls,
 New steps for lures discovers:
 Head and tail,
 Along she'll sail,
 Down the middle,
 With a hitch, and capering itch,
 To the true Scotch Addle.

Od so! Here's somebody coming! I must run into my old hiding place yonder—that hole under the Castle wall—it has used to be a rare snug place; but o' late I ha' heard so many strange noises near about, I fear there be other people hiding as well as myself—rabbit it, here they come!

[Retreats into a hole under the wall.]

Enter CARLOS and HILARIO.

Carlos. So, my poor friend, after the father had generously locked you into his daughter's apartment—he coolly turned you neck and heels out of his own street door.

Hilario. Faith, something very like it; or, notwithstanding my attachment to your person, my love for another person's person, would have made me a truant to friendship.

Carlos. Impossible.

Hilario. Impossible is it, that a man should prefer being safe in a warm house, playing bo-peep with the bright eyes of his mistress, to scampering across a cold country for a game at pistols with his friend's rival?

Carlos. Notwithstanding your pleasantry, I am convinced you would go a great way to serve me.

Hilario. Yes, and not a little way to serve myself—your kindnesses to me, and our early friendship will, I trust, never be forgotten—you certainly stand second—that is, after the ladies, in my account—
 but

—but I myself, am at the top of the page, and you know its the fashion now, to take care of number *One*.

Carlos. True, my friend; and number *One* is at present tolerably secure—I have already had a rencontre with this dread adversary.

Hilario. Already! I hope you are not wounded?

Carlos. Sorely.

Hilario. Bless me, Carlos! Where is it?

Carlos. In the heart, Hilario—deep—incurable—a surgeon's skilful hand may ease the poniard's stroke—time's healing finger is ineffectual here.

Hilario. I am sorry for it. How much kinder the old greybeard is to me—as he totters round me with a grin, I whip his scythe from his hand, and cut off my sorrows in the middle.

Carlos. Envable vivacity! Had not relentless fortune mark'd me for the child of woe, I might have shared in all your cheerfulness.

Hilario. My dear friend, take comfort—let us return to the city—these desolate old ruins don't seem to promise much entertainment—they've made me grave already.

Carlos. To me the world is all a void—Julia! my once destined Julia's lost for ever!

[*As they go out a bell tolls in the Castle.*]
Whence came that dismal sound?

Hilario. From that dismal castle I suppose—let us begone—the toll of a bell always makes me nervous.

Carlos. I thought this dreary spot had been uninhabited—who could have occasioned it?

Hilario. Who? Gaffer Belzebub, to be sure—who the devil else would live in such a place? I shall retire—he's not fit company for me.

Carlos. Perhaps it is some person in distress—some lonely hermit, sinking beneath the pressure of disease.

Hilario. Or, perhaps, some robber, who having tenderly murdered the lonely hermit, kindly resolves to give him Christian burial.

[*Bell tolls again.*]
Carlos.

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Carlos. Again—I am resolved to see further into this business.

Hilario. And I am determined to remain totally in the dark—Carlos, I'm off.

Carlos. Will you leave me, Hilario? Can you desert your friend?

Hilario. What did you say? Desert you!—never—I may be at times, a little *apprehensive*, but I never can forsake my friend—was the whole court of Lucifer armed against my Carlos, dam' me but I'd have a tussle with some of the cloven black-legs.

Carlos. Come then—suppose we try whether these antique gates will yield to our attack.

Hilario. Move on—if the worst comes to the worst, it will be only bringing an old house about our ears—it won't do—old Ebony has fastened them with his own claw. [Trying to open them.]

Carlos. (*Going towards the place where Cloddy is*) Let us search narrowly round the mouldering walls; time may, perhaps, have made some opening in them (*a light appears*) Softly—dost thou observe a light in yonder turret?

Hilario. (*alarmed*) A light! To be sure I did—the devils are at work—I think we had better leave them to themselves.

Carlos. (*observing the light*) Mark! It moves along—now it disappears.

Hilario. I'm glad of it—we've seen enough—however, don't be afraid—I'll stick close by you.

Carlos. (*discovering Cloddy.*) Here is actually a hole, seemingly under the wall; who knows but it may afford a passage into the castle—Heavens! something living is concealed in it.

Hilario. Be upon your guard, Carlos—don't venture in—it may be a wolf, or a tiger.

Carlos. (*bringing out Cloddy*) Then it must be a man-tiger. However, be it what it may, I'll drag it forth—Shew thyself, fellow, and say what brings thee here?

Cloddy. Brings me here! Why, ife only fetching a walk.

Hilario.

Hilario. Fetching a walk! What, in a hole in the wall? Zounds! this is the most impudent fetch I ever heard of.

Carlos. No trifling, sirrah! Tells us who that castle belongs to?

Cloddy. Nan!

Carlos. Blockhead! does any one reside in that castle?

Cloddy. Reside! what be that?

Carlos. Does any body live there? Answer this minute, or it shall be your last.

Cloddy. (*alarmed*) O lud! O lud! Noa. Nobody lives there but the rooks and ravens. To be sure they ha'had some visitors lately, and by their cawing and croaking, I don't think they much like their company.

Carlos. What company are you talking of?

Cloddy. Why, spirits and hobgoblins, I believe; for I never heard such shrieking and squeaking in all my born days.

Hilario. Shrieking and squeaking! Hadn't we better get more assistance, Carlos?

Carlos. What avails human assistance, if we are to encounter supernatural foes? Did you ever see, as well as hear, any thing extraordinary?

Cloddy. Yes, one night, when I was taking a walk.

Hilario. What, walking again, friend? Well, what did you see.

Cloddy. Why, I seed a light in the south tower, and soon after, a sort of a kind of an apparition appeared, and when I cried out, it called me fool.

Hilario. Ay, claimed relationship.

Carlos. What was it like?

Cloddy. There—look there it be again!—[*A person with a dark lanthorn, muffled up, looks out from a turret window, and then retires, shutting the window.*]

Carlos. Something mysterious is certainly going on—I am determined to unravel it.

Hilario.

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Hilario. I hate mysteries confoundedly. However, I don't speak because I want to flinch—But it is so ill bred to pry into family secrets.

[*Sound of bugle horns.*]

Carlos. Somebody is approaching—We have no time to lose.

Cloddy. It's master Montauban, with the sportsmen—I must be off.

Carlos. Off, fellow! for what reason? who are you?

Cloddy. I be Cloddy, own brother to sister Annette, and she be the same to me.

Hilario. How! brother to my guardian angel—Come to my arms, my ally from the hole in the wall—Annette assisted me, and therefore you and I will fetch a walk together.

Cloddy. Wounds! An'you be sister's friend, I'll do any thing you like; and if you want to peep into that old castle, I believe I can shew you a way under the wall; but you must stoop very low, and, mayhap, creep upon all-fours.

Carlos. No matter—point out the path—nothing can deter us. (*horns again.*) Time presses—away—away.

Hilario. I wish, with all my soul, we were fifty leagues away from this place,

[*Exit thro' the hole in the wall.*]

Enter MONTAUBAN and SPORTSMEN.

G L E E.

What shall he have who sported best?
A shout of joy from all the rest—
The honest heart, no doubts will start;
But join the strain before we part;
The Horn, the Horn, the echoing Horn,
Shall rouse the sportsmen every morn;
On you the palm will fall, Sir,—
No, not on one, but all, Sir.

Huzza! Huzza!

The loud Huzza!

Now sends us all content away.

END OF ACT I.

A C T II.

SCENE I. *An old room, hung with antique, tattered tapestry—two doors exactly alike in the back scene, covered with the same tapestry—A window over them, the stage to be a little darken'd.*

Enter the COUNT, muffled in a cloak, and BERNARDO.

Count. At length, my friend, the hour of retribution comes; and love insulted, claims its sacrifice—the time, the place, occasion—all conspire, while secrecy secures revenge.

Bernardo. Would I could say aught to stay your purpose!

Count. Impossible! 'tis now too late—Is not this favour'd rival come to vaunt his valour? Shall we restore the idol of his panting heart, and be ourselves the victims of his triumph?

Bernardo. Never, my Lord—her destiny is fixed.

Count. Yet, spite of the rage which fires an injur'd husband's breast, resisted pity will at times intrude—fear, too, appals, and dread remorse—the very figures fashion'd in these antient hangings, with ghastly eye-ball seem to frown upon us.

Bernardo. Weak imagery of the brain, which quick decision must efface—trust me, my Lord, we have little leisure to deliberate.

Count. What mean'st thou, Bernardo?

Bernardo. Not an hour ago, waiting as is my duty, for your Lordship's presence; a deep-ton'd bell, fixed unknown to me, in the interior of the castle, was on a sudden by our mourner sounded.

Count. Indeed!

Bernardo. At first I thought 'twas fancy; but being repeated, I flew to trace the cause, and instant cut the rope.

Count. 'Twas well.

Bernardo. Soon after, the outward gates were by rude hands attempted to be forced.

Count. Thou alarm'st me.

D

Bernardo.

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Bernardo. With speed I mounted to the turret, and descried some strangers in close conference.

Count. Didst thou know them?

Bernardo. The day declining, prevented more discovery—The sportsmen returning from the field forced them to retire.

Count. Who could they be? No matter—apprehension will but prompt our purpose—her doom's inevitable—but then—the remains.

Bernardo. All is prepared—the coffin is at hand.

Count. (*agitated*) So ready; Bernardo—Yet, wherefore delay—danger may follow—bring hither the crow, the fatal dagger too—I left it in the portal, my hand refuses—can I be the assassin? Stay awhile—yet no—begone—fly—give not horrid thought a moment's pause.

Bernardo. I will return, my Lord, as quick as the dark windings of this dreary mansion will permit me.

[*Exit.*

Count. (*alone*) The night advances fast—wherefore this inward pang, this struggle of nature? Come, wounded pride, love slighted, scorned—come, suffering honour, aid this weak heart, and give it manly resolution—hush! was not that a sigh, a deepened sigh? How soon the last must follow, let me seize this solitary interval to take one final look, silent, unobserved—alas! the dim light that glooms around, scarce shews the dismal path. [*Exit thro' door.*

Enter CARLOS (with a dark lantern) and HILARIO with a broken piece of a shield—they ascend from a cavern.

Hilario. Carlos! Carlos! Carlos! softly—you go too fast—thank Heaven, at last we have emerged from that horrid cavern—zounds! I am as damp as a newspaper, and as musty as old cheese out of a wine cellar.

Carlos. In truth, Hilario, it is somewhat surprising after the extraordinary occurrences without the walls of this old castle, we should as yet be able to make

no

no discoveries within ; a solemn silence seems to reign around, and nothing, save the hollow murmur of the wind, strikes on the listening ear.

Hilario. A murmur of another kind, struck upon my ear.

Carlos. What mean you ?

Hilario. You shall hear—but come a little further from that cursed cavern ; you know, after having tramped about these diabolical apartments for half an hour together, we agreed to separate at the end of a long gallery, and took different routes.

Carlos. We did so—and the distant glimmer of light from this lanthorn, which I found standing on the pavement, led me to the dismal recess where we again met—but proceed—

Hilario. The fact is, that old Ebony has been more attentive to me, than to your worship.

Carlos. Will you be serious one moment ?

Hilario. Serious ! upon my soul I don't think I shall ever be otherwise. I am terrified to death—I cou'd as soon raise the devil as a grin.

Carlos. Torture me not with suspense—but tell me all.

Hilario. That I will, if I can find breath to go thro' with it—first I descended several steps of a dark narrow passage—at the bottom I heard a door open, then the patting of a man's foot, whether cloven or not I can't say—soon after, I saw a light, so I made a pause, and said to myself, now don't be frightened, Hilario—now don't tremble, my dear fellow, but summon up all your courage, and boldly run away.

Carlos. Would I had been there instead of you !

Hilario. Would you had, with all my heart ! tho' I defy you to run faster—but in the attempt, I fell plump on my face, and in scrambling to get up, I clawed hold of this broken bit of a shield. There seems something like letters scratch'd upon it.

Carlos. Letters, Hilario ! Try then, to decypher them.

Hilario. (*gives him the Shield*) No, try yourself, I have got such a mumbling in my mouth, and my teeth to chatter, that—

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Carlos. Heavens! what's this I see? (*reads*)
 " Julia, wife to the Count of - - - was forced to this
 " Castle - - - the marble hall - - - the dreary
 " vault—Oh pity and remember" (*drops the shield*)
 'tis the labour of my Julia's hand, the unavailing re-
 cord of her hapless fate—Oh my foreboding heart!
 she has been murdered.

Hilario. I'm all over in a cold perspiration, we
 had better get into the open air—it may save us from
 a fit of the ague—I feel the quaking already.

Carlos. Never will I quit this gloomy edifice, till
 I discover my poor Julia's sad remains, dreadful
 idea!—the mangled reliicks of her beauteous form.

Hilario. Dreadful indeed! who knows but our
 forms may be mangled in the same manner.

Carlos. Was it for this, I left my friends, my
 home? To abandon the dear object of my earliest
 vows, to coward fraud and ruffian violence!—
 Gods! I shall run distracted!

Hilario. Be advised, Carlos—let us retire.

Carlos (*not attending to him*) No faithful moni-
 tor to warn her unsuspecting youth—no arm to shield
 her helpless innocence—heh! what noise was that?

Hilario. What? the perspiration is coming again.

Carlos. It sounded like a groan.

Hilario. Dear Sir, don't frighten one, more than
 there is occasion.

Carlos. Mark me—observe that window—do you
 not see a light? (*a light is seen to pass*)

Hilario. A Li—ght!

Carlos. It points me out the way—brightens, and
 animates the darken'd scene.

[*Thunder and lightening flashes thro' the old walls.*
 Heaven is in our cause—something is to be done,
 haste—follow

[*Runs out thro' one of the doors in the Stene.*

Hilario (*alone*) Follow! I'm numb'd, I'm pe-
 trified—I have not a limb to stand upon—soft—let
 me try (*advances one leg*) yes, I have put my right
 foot foremost, no, let me take it back again. (*retreats*
a little)

[*Thunders again.*

What

What shall I leave my friend in the lurch? let him grapple with old Ebony by himself? for shame, Hilario! after him, my boy!

[Goes towards the doors in the Scene, opens one on the right of that where Carlos entered, which discovers a Coffin standing on a bier, with a lamp upon it.]

Wheugh! I'm dead and buried! a Coffin! *(shuts the door)* and I dare say the sexton will be here before I can say my pray'rs, mum! here he comes.

[a stamping without.]

Enter BERNARDO with a spade and dagger.

Bernardo. (calling in a low voice) Count! Count!

Hilario. He mistakes me for somebody else.

Bernardo. Your excellence!

Hilario. It's an excellent mistake, however.

Bernardo. Where are you?

Hilario. (in a feigned low voice.) He—ere.

Bernardo. I have brought the spade and dagger as you ordered.

Hilario. Give them to me.

Bernardo. (putting one in each hand) You feel cold.

Hilario. Yes—it's so hot.

Bernardo. Hot! it's a dreadful night—but all will soon be over. I'll enter the recess the back way, and lead the victim down the steps into the marble hall—'tis yours to give the blow.

Hilario. I will, I will.

Bernardo. Till then farewell! *[Exit.]*

Hilario. (the spade in one hand, the dagger in the other.) Give the blow! gad, if I don't take great care I shall get the blow. I shiver from head to heel like a top-sail in a storm. This murder-loving villain has kindly indulged me with two instruments, one to kill myself with, and the other to dig my own grave.

Enter COUNT.

Count. Bernardo, why do you loiter so? Is this a time to delay? what, silent; do you shrink at last? Give me the means—I'll do the rest myself, faithless coward! [*Snatches the dagger and goes out.*]

Hilario. (solus) Faithless coward! aye so it seems, else shou'd I leave poor Carlos to battle with these two butchers alone? No by heaven! (*Thunder*) aye, growl on, I'll extricate my friend or perish with him (*opens door where Carlos went out*) bless me, how dark! would I had half a dozen lacqueys at my back with a flambeau in each hand. If a man must be executed, I think the more parade the better.

[*Exit thro' door.*]

SCENE III.

A large antique hall, with black marble pillars on each side—distant from the wings—an open arch at the back, discovering a stone stair-case, leading from an upper apartment.

Enter COUNT with dagger.

Count. What could Bernardo mean? He seem'd fix'd and motionless. He will not sure betray me—impossible (*a noise of opening locks*) hark! hark! the door opens—he leads her down—the dreadful scene approaches—I'll conceal myself awhile.

[*Retires behind pillars.*]

[*Bernardo with a lighted torch in his hand, leads Julia down the stair-case into the marble hall.*]

Bernardo. My duty is discharg'd—lady, I take my leave.

Julia. Oh Bernardo! do not leave me thus—tho' in the lone recess, where I have been so long confined; without one succouring friend to cheer my solitude,
tho'

tho' when you daily brought my scanty pittance, a gloomy silence mark'd your short'ned stay; now, I conjure you, grant my last request, ere suffering nature sink to long oblivion—say, why am I now brought forth?

Bernardo. I but obey the mandate of my lord, your husband.

Julia. My husband! say my tyrant, murderer.

Bernardo. I must not listen to such epithets.

Julia. Did he not, under pretence of riding for my health, entice me to this sequestered spot, attended only by yourself? Did he not, on a sudden, force me from my horse, drag me thro' various dark apartments, and lodge me in that vaulted room, from whence you now have led me?

Bernardo. Lady, he is here. *[Exit, returns.]*

Julia. *(calling after him)* Oh stay—protect me—do not abandon a poor helpless female, to such deserted hands.

Count. *(advancing, the dagger concealed)* 'Tis well, Madam—I see your haughty spirit still continues;—softness might have subdued my feeble nature—and woman's tears, might have produced a womanish compassion.

Julia. Fear not, ferocious man—no tears can soften thy obdurate heart, nor will compassion find a votery there.

Count. Once again, I'll deign to ask what punishment you think your conduct merits.

Julia. Talk'st thou of conduct! can'st thou mention wrongs? Thou who hast injured me beyond description—stabbed my fair fame; robbed me of health, and cut me off from every hope in life.

Count. Thyself alone, hath wrought thy own undoing—hath caused the woes you have already borne—the pangs you yet must suffer—am I not thy husband?

Julia. Oh, profane not thus the sacred appellation—a husband! honor'd name! woos the soft virgin in the morn of life—wooes, if her heart be free, and fairly wins, but thou—

Count.

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Count. Well Madam ! what of me ?

Julia. To gratify a base, unworthy passion—knowing my soul was wedded to another, left no dishonourable means untried,, to force a wretched maid, heart-broken, to your arms—had not disgusted nature made me shun thee.

Count. Call it not nature, but adulterous love—a wanton flame excited by another—an outcast, rejected by your parent.

Julia. Unhappy parent ! who, misled by treachery, and lured by gain, hath doom'd his child to misery and death.

Count. Art thou then prepared ?

Julia. If innocence and purity of mind be preparation, then am I ready. If with a heart susceptible of every soft emotion, to have lavished all the tenderness of growing years, on one whom I am taught to think unworthy, whilst a hated tyrant holds me at his disposal, be the height of human woe, then is the grave my only refuge.

Count. To make that grave more welcome—know, ill-fated fair, thy minion was not false !

Julia. (*exclaiming*) Not false ! not, wedded to another.

Count. No—devoted but to thee, he wanders o'er the earth, a wretched exile.

Julia. You have pierced me to the soul—now draw thy murderous steel—thou can'st not wound me more.

Count. To save you from a disgraceful union, I plann'd this honest artifice—to save myself from shame, I brought you hither.—

Julia. To save thy own coward heart.

Count. (*in great agitation*) Coward ! be advis'd—desist—'twere fatal to go on.

Julia. Yes, coward—to glut thyself in a weak woman's blood ; alone—defenceless—lost to every human being—none to protect—none to avenge her death—else had the valiant youth, whom thou, at distance, dar'st calumniate, awed thy dastard spirit with a frown.

Count.

Count. (drawing his dagger.) 'Tis too much—since thou wilt provoke.

Julia. Strike, monster, strike—for with my latest breath, I will adore his virtues, and execrate thy baseness.

Count. (Going to stab her.) Then breathe thy last.

Enter CARLOS (Julia faints in his arms.)

Carlos. Hold—ruffian!—murderer!

Count. (Retiring.) Confusion! he here! What ho! Bernardo. *{Goes out hastily.}*

Carlos. (Julia in his arms.) Revive, my Julia! Let me not again lose you, thus unexpectedly restored.

Julia (Looking wildly round.) Oh! save me from that tyrant!

Carlos. Be not alarm'd, my angel—recall your scatter'd spirits—'tis your Carlos, who implores.

Julia. Carlos! My long lost, my unhappy friend!—Oh, my distracted thought! by what magic are you here?

Carlos. By that, which from the first moment I beheld you, influenced all my actions—by the magic of your blooming graces, the memory of our endearments, the misery of our separation, the dreadful uncertainty of your fate.—

Julia. Carlos! I have been sadly used—Anguish and distress have been my portion, since you left me.

Carlos. Did I leave you, Julia?

Julia. Oh no! Julia deserted you—sorrowed the dear possessor of her first affections—But, tho' not yours, believe me, I have never been another's.

Carlos. How! Are you not wife to the Count? May I once more press you to this faithful bosom?

Julia. (Retreating.) Desist—it must not be—time will unravel all—O Carlos! feel for your devoted Julia—And the more you hear of my misfortunes, the more you will respect them—Had I not believed

you

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you false, a parent's threat, a father's supplication,
had been equally in vain.

Enter HILARIO—BERNARDO's sword in his hand.

Hilario. Dam'me, how I peppered him ! the scoundrel—hah ! my honoured Lady Julia—he told me you was alive—let me thus speak my joy. [*Kneels.*

Carlos. Where have you been, my friend ?—to whom doth that sword belong ?

Hilario. To one of the butchers, to be sure—I have got him snug in a closet, and you may peep at him thro' the iron bars, as you would at a curiosity—I'll have him shewn for a sight—Oh ! Carlos, had you seen my courage—I wanted nothing but a live lady to animate me—for the moment I heard how it was, Madam—I fought like a lion.

Carlos. You deserve every thing.

Hilario. I drove him down a stair-case—whisk'd him thro' a trap door—dragg'd him over the dusty rubbish—caged—and here I am with his trophy—but what's become of the other butcher ?

Carlos. Fled, like a guilty coward—but I'll pursue him thro' the world.

Hilario. And so will I into the next—Wheugh ! my hand is in, and I could fight a legion of Belzebubs.

Julia. Oh, my friends ! let me conjure you to proceed no further—leave the wretch to the reproaches of a guilty conscience, to the rage of disappointed malice—Carlos, you have saved my life, now protect my fame—conduct me to my father's house—there alone, my harass'd mind can be at peace.

Carlos. Forgive the impetuosity of a man, torn with contending passions—agitated at once by love, resentment, by hope, and by despair—your fame has ever been dearer to me than my own—let us then, quit this scene of horror, and restore my injur'd Julia to her paternal roof.

Julia. Attempt not, Carlos, to accompany me home—you know how much my father is incensed against

against you—should we be seen together, 'twill give such colour to the Count's calumny, as may prove injurious to us both—for the whole story will so crowd upon his mind—

Hilario. Egad, so it will—then the tables may be turn'd upon us, and Ebony make us appear as black as himself—now, leave every thing to me—Fractioso and all—I am the man for the old one—if Lady Julia will trust herself to my care, I'll undertake to convey her, unseen, to the apartment of her sister, my adored Constantia; and then we can manage her return to life with all proper decorum.

Julia. Lead on.

Carlos. Must we then part so soon? Oh Julia, form'd for the enjoyment of social tenderness, my heart is doom'd to suffer unceasing disappointment. At least, let me conduct you safely thro' the arched vaults, and narrow passages, that fill this melancholy pile—then will I pursue the guilty Count, and consign him to the vengeance of offended laws.

Julia. Take with thee, Carlos, all the love I dare to offer, every anxious wish I freely can bestow.

Hilario. And as you don't want any of my courage, I'll take it all with me, to guard my precious charge—and then, fire and tow! let me see who will dare to come within arms length of us.

Carlos. What is to be done with the owner of your trophy there.

Hilario. Ay, the rascal in the pound—we must take him with us, and secure his evidence, by promise of pardon.

Carlos. But notwithstanding your *courage*, Hilario, 'twill be as prudent to have some officers of justice to assist us.

Hilario. Certainly—for the most dauntless spirit may be sometimes seized with a cold perspiration—but never mind—move on—I'll lead the way (*brandishing his sword*) follow close if you please tho', and we shall sooner be out of this cursed old den of Philistines.

[Exit.]

SCENE

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SCENE IV.

A Room in FRACTIOSO's House.

Enter ANNETTE hastily.

Annette. Where can my young Lady be gone? I have search'd for her all over the house—she must certainly have gone abroad—and she may thank me for the opportunity—how astonish'd she will be, when she knows what I have overheard—I must say, my talent for listening has been of great service to me in life, and has help'd me to unravel a number of mysteries.

SONG.

A sweet scented courtier once gave me a kiss,
And promis'd me mountains, if I would be his;
But soon I found courtiers were callous to shame,
And mountains and mole hills with them were the same.

[TO BE SPOKEN.]

For that very night, when I was at my favourite amusement, listening, I heard a rustling of silks upon the stair-case, there was my spark making love to my Lady's maid, rigged out in an old cast off, of her mistress : so—

Soon I found courtiers were callous, &c.

A widow, whose tears were unceasingly shed,
For her spouse, her protector, her all that was dead;
Made me wonder the dame should such sorrow survive,
Till I found that she had a kind cousin alive.

[TO BE SPOKEN.]

For calling one day, with some bombazeen to renew her weeds with, I overheard a parley in the back drawing-

drawing-room, “ come, widow, don’t carry on this
 “ farce any longer, it’s troublesome to be squeezing
 “ out tears from morning to night, marry me at once,
 “ you know my merit—I managed your late husband’s
 “ business the last five years of his life.”

No longer I wonder’d the dame should survive,
 When I found that she had a kind cousin alive.

III.

A maiden of sixty, so pure and so prim,
 As tall as a maypole, and nearly as slim,
 Protested her pleasures in life were all o’er,
 At length I perceiv’d she’d one comfort in store.

[TO BE SPOKEN.]

For being invited to a snug dish of tea and a little scandal, I chanced to go somewhat sooner than I was expected, and passing her chamber I heard the corner cupboard unlock, and the following soliloquy. “ Come
 “ to my heart, my best supporter ; man, faithless
 “ man, has slighted and deceived me, you are the only
 “ warm friend I have.”

So I plainly perceived, tho’ laid flat on the floor,
 Life still has one comfort for maids of three score.

Enter CONSTANTIA.

Constantia. Annette, what can have detained Hilario so long?

Annette. What can have detained you so long? I have something to tell you of the utmost importance.

Constantia. What mean you? For Heaven’s sake be explicit—has any thing happened to him?

Annette. Yes, Ma’am, to him, and to her, and to me, and to all the world.

Constantia. If you have any love for me, I conjure you to shorten the misery of suspense—say, is he dead?

E

Annette.

Annette. No, Madam—nor is she dead—nor I—nor any body else—we are all come to life again.

Constantia. You rave, Annette—or do you find delight in torturing your unhappy mistress?

Annette. I torture you, my dear young Lady! I had rather torment a dozen lovers from morning till night, than give you one moment's uneasiness, but I am so confounded, and so overjoyed, and so perplexed, and so——

Constantia. What can be the matter?

Annette. Why then, as I hope for one husband at least, I have some reason to think that my Lady Julia is not dead.

Constantia. How! my sister alive?

Annette. You shall hear—just now, as I was standing in the passage, thinking of nothing, and peeping, as I now and then do, in a little pocket looking-glass, who should whisk by me, but the Count Montoni.

Constantia. What of him?

Annette. He look'd alarm'd and confused, and I am convinced he didn't know what he was about.

Constantia. Why so?

Annette. Because he took no more notice of me, than if I had been the meekest dowdy in all Messina—so I was determined to go and listen at the door of your father's library, where they were locked up together.

Constantia. Well!

Annette. At first I heard some muttering about an old castle, and then the words, "Carlos and murder."

Constantia. "Carlos and murder!" Alas my poor Hilario, no wonder you are not returned.

Annette. Don't be uneasy, Madam—I am certain no mischief has happened; for I heard the old Gentleman exclaim, "Julia not dead, then Carlos must be laid hold of," and so, Ma'am, I ran to acquaint you with the news.

Constantia. If you love me, Annette, steal softly back again and try if you can discover any thing further.

Annette.

Annette. I will, my dear Lady—listening is my forte—and for sounds, shew me who has a finer ear than myself. [Exit.

Constantia. My sister still living! Can it be possible? Some dreadful mystery remains to be discovered—oh! Julia, how deplorable must have been your situation.

S O N G. CONSTANTIA.

In the cup of female life,
Pleasure swims precarious,
Ah! Well-a-day!
Every draught to maid or wife,
Flows with sorrows various,
Ah! Lack-a-day!

Fear, our infant peace destroys,
Cold restraint, our youth annoys,
Falsehood poisons riper joys,
So the cup of female life,
Bitter is, to maid or wife,
Ah! Lack, and ah! Well-a-day!
[Exit.

SCENE V.

A Sea prospect in the vicinity of MESSINA, with a view of SCILLA and CHARIBDIS—SCILLA is a rock, with a light-house upon it—CHARIBDIS, a whirlpool below, on which the light is to shine.

Supposed to be late in the evening, and the stage to be somewhat darkened.

Enter CLODDY.

Cloddy. Sure as I'm born, a pretty tight sportsman, something queer is going to happen, by reason my right eye did so tickle and itch this morning—and our cat made up such a woundy thick tail, that—but where o' the name o' dickens have I wandered to? Ho! I sees—there be my old friends, Scylla and Charibdis—

E 2

they

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they say, whoever gets clear o' the first, falls plump down into the latter, that's for certain—if you don't break your head against the rock, you are drowned below in the whirlpool—ah, it's the same with the women—the moment you get quitted o' one, pop, you're laid hold of by another.

S O N G.

Love is nought but care
Sorrow and repentance,
If the object's fair,
Sooner comes your sentence.
Round a pretty wife,
Swarm your pretty fellows,
She's set up for life,
You're set down for jealous.
Thus do married men,
Knowledge to discover,
School-boy like, again
Con their Horn book over.
Tol-de-rol-de-rol.

If no longer young,
Madam's teeth are going,
Still she has a tongue, —
Which you're sure of knowing,
Morning, noon and night
Clatter, clatter, clatter,
Tho' she cannot bite,
Sweetly she can chatter,
Charming honey moon!
How they munch and mumble!
Presto, changed the tune,
How they growl and grumble!
Tol-de-rol.

Thus from pouting lips,
Or from pouting temper,
Madam often trips,
Spouse would often *lemp* her—
Oh, what blissful state!
When such doves are billing—
Short indeed the date,
Such delights are killing.
So, my saucy song,
It indeed so lib 'tis,
Stiles both old and young,
Scilla or Charibdis.

Tol-de-rol-de-rol.

Enter

Enter ANNETTE—(bassily.)

Annette. Oh, Brother! My dear brother Cloddy, I'm glad I've met you—I'm almost frighten'd out of my wits.

Cloddy. That's unlucky—because why—you ha' no great deal to spare.

Annette. Then I'm a true sister—I take after you—but no matter—I have such wonderfull news to tell you.

Cloddy. It's no more than I expected—I thought our cat's tail did not swell for nothing—what be it?

Annette. Why, I never listen—but I have a way of overhearing, you know.

Cloddy. Yes, I know you have—wounds, here's Scilla and Charibdis both in one—but on with you.

Annette. Well—I heard the Count tell my old master, that his daughter Julia, my dear lost lady, was still alive—that the great burial was all a sham—and that she was found secreted in an old castle, under the protection of Signor Carlos, her first lover, who, he says, aided by Constantia and Hilario, were the authors of the whole contrivance.

Cloddy. Od ratten! I don't believe it—I believe that black dog I used to see on the parapet, was the real poacher; he and the Count, depend on't, were the knaves that laid the snares.

Annette. So I think—and therefore I have ventured abroad this dark night, at my Lady's desire, in hopes I may be able to see Madam Julia, who, they say, is still at the castle, and give her intelligence of the plots that are carrying on against her at this moment.

Cloddy. Oh! ho! So then I find your great folks carry on their plots in the dark, as well as us little ones.

Annette. Yes; the old Gentleman, at the instigation of the Count, has summoned the city guard to their assistance, and ordered the gallies to row round

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the light house, in case Carlos and his friend should put off to sea; for he has resolved this very night to arrest, and convey them to prison. Come with me, brother—there is not a moment to lose.

[*Noise without.*]

Cloddy. No—nor a moment to find neither; for here are the whole posse at our heels, and as I don't much like a prison—why I'll make bold to step behind that tree; and listen, sister, as you do, by way of overhearing.

[*Runs behind the tree.*]

Annette. And so must I too, by way of security.

[*Gets behind another tree.*]

Enter COUNT, FRACTIOSO, Guards, &c. &c. with torch lights.

Fractioso. (entering) Go forward with the lights, I tell you—I can't see an inch before my nose (*advances*) This it is to be hauled out at midnight, when we ought to be snug in our beds.

Count. Consider, Sir, the honour of your family, which must be supported.

Fractioso. (previſely) So I do, Count—I do consider it—but I can't help ſaying, I wiſh it could be ſupported in broad day, with a warm ſun over our heads—nothing can be ſo dreadful, as the ſhrieking of owls, and the croaking of frogs, when one muſt climb battlements, and dive into caverns.

Count. Undoubtedly—and unleſs fame and property were at ſtake.

Fractioso. There it is—was it not for one's property, I ſhould not much care.

Count. Who knows to what lengths the conſpirators may go?—detection may make them deſperate.

Fractioso. Zounds! ſo it may—that rascal, Hilario, is one of the gang I warrant.—He's a moſt deſperate dog, believe me.

Count. No doubt he is.

Fractioso. That fellow, and his friend Carlos, have been my torment theſe five years, on and off. They come in at a window to one daughter, and lock another

ther up in a castle—look ye, Count, I can't say I ever doubted you—and now I am convinced that Constantia—Carlos—Julia—that damn'd Hilario, and all of them, have joined in a conspiracy to rob and murder us—for if they bring dead people to life, they soon can make live people dead.

Count. You know, Signor, that your daughter Julia went to Palermo, at your own request, for change of air; it was not then in my power to attend her—news was brought to us of her decease, and funeral honours followed in due course—this you are acquainted with—but you know not, perhaps, that Carlos's servant, if not himself, was discovered prying about during the solemnity.

Frañiso. Zounds! I'm all over in a conflagration—where is the castle? which is the road? I'll seize them myself—bah! here are some of them—stand back—keep back with the lights—let's listen—mum! (*they retire*)

[*Exeunt guards and men with lights.*]

Enter JULIA and HILARIO, followed by BERNARDO, guarded.

Julia. Would we were at home! 'tis a dreary, dismal journey, in the dead of night.

Hilario. No doubt you think so—since you have been obliged to separate yourself from poor Carlos.

Frañiso. (*aside to the Count.*) Did you mind that, Count—I told you I saw thro' the plot—there's no deceiving me.

Julia. I dread the meeting with my father—he is so credulous and partial to the Count.

Hilario. I know it—but if he won't believe his own eyes, and will persist in persecuting you, do you think I'll stand tamely by—no—as I have brought you from one old tottering fabric, I won't see you entomb'd in another.

Frañiso.

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Fractioso (*rushing forward.*) You won't,—you imp—you puppy, won't you?—Count—guards—seize him—he is the wicked one.

Hilario. No—seize the Count—there he stands; he is the wicked one. [*Guards seize Hilario.*
What are you about?

Julia. (*Advancing.*) My father!

Fractioso. Keep off, cockatrice—I see thro' it all—you can't impose upon me, didn't you pretend you was dead—put the whole family to the expence of new mourning, and make us cry our eyes out?

Julia. Oh my honour'd parent! listen to your child.

Count. Regard her not—false to her husband, will she be just to her parent?

Fractioso. I won't hear a word—you're an ungrateful girl, and as low minded as that rascal we have caught you with—you would rather live in an old cellar with Carlos, than in a superb mansion with the noble Count, your husband.

Hilario. (*To guards.*) Unhand me, that I may tear that noble monster piece-meal—come forward, you penitent tool of authority—you promised, if I wou'd unpound you, to speak the truth?

Count. Speak, Bernardo! you can protect me from the slanderer's tongue, but for you I had fallen by the poignard of that assassin, Carlos, who having stained my honour, wou'd have dyed it deeper with my blood.

Bernardo. True my lord—but for me, your life had been sacrificed. But for me, your fame would now be destroyed—give me liberty, and I will fully explain the guilt of Carlos, and his vile associates.

Hilario. Guilt of Carlos! oh Belzebub! that thou should'st suffer mortals thus to outdo thee.

Fractioso. Stop that fellow's mouth, and release Bernardo—I want no further proof—Carlos shall be hang'd, and you sent to the galleys for life.

Hilario. What, tie me to an oar!—Is this the way a grandee shou'd treat his future son-in-law?

Fractioso.

Fractioso. Will nobody stop that fellow's mouth? You, Madam, shall be convey'd to some remote distance, to try if confinement will restore you to a sense of your duty.

Julia. Confinement, alas, has itself no terror for your child—But if nature yet pleads for me in your breast, Oh, let my prison be my father's home—devote me not again, to horror and to death.

Fractioso. What do you mean by being devoted? Isn't the Count your husband, a man of honour—a man of fortune, rank and title?—you would be devoted only to that villain Carlos.

Hilario. Carlos is not a villain—I'll tell you what—his soul is right honourable, every inch of it, whilst that of the Count is like the old shabby bit of parchment that describes his titles—black, white, narrow, cold, and shrivelled.

Count. Contemptible defamer!

Fractioso. Here's a fellow! talk to me of a shabby bit of parchment—I that am Vice Legate, Prætor, Nuncio, Viguiet, Rota, Scrota, and so forth—away with him to the gallies—away.

Julia. (*kneeling.*) On my knees let your unhappy daughter sue to you for justice—tho' doomed herself to inevitable destruction, let not her brave deliverer be the victim of his own compassionate heart.

Hilario. Spare yourself the trouble, Ma'am—I have done my duty as becomes the future son-in-law to a grandee—life's an eternal see-saw—now I am a poor galley slave—in a month, perhaps, I may make a cockswain—in another, captain of a squadron, and in a third, Vice Legate, Prætor, Viguiet, Nuncio, Rota, Scrota, and so forth.

Fractioso. (*in a great passion.*) Take him away, I tell you, and clap him in irons.

[*Hilario is carried off.*]

Now, Count, we'll go and engage a vessel—meanwhile Montauban, with some chosen soldiers, shall pursue Carlos—We'll revenge ourselves I warrant—an impudent ragamuffin, to compare me to a shabby bit of parchment—zounds! I'll have his hide so tann'd,

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tann'd, that a troop of drummers may find employment upon it—lead on, torch-bearers ! *[Exeunt.]*

ANNETTE and CLODDY, *come from behind trees.*

Cloddy. Here's a pretty business ! talk of my laying snares ! why, no poacher in all Sicily can trap this fox of a Count—oddratten it ! I should like to un-kennel him.

Annette. Do, my dear Cloddy—think how they've treated that sweet, kind hearted, laughter-loving gentleman, my young mistress's favourite.

Cloddy. Yes ; and I know he to be innocent—for I myself shewed him into the castle—and if so be, I had na been afraid of ghostesses, I would ha' gone in too.

Annette. Dear, dear, how my poor young lady will take on—she was so eager to see her sister again, and so anxious to find her lover again, that she prevailed on Valoury, Carlos' servant, late as it was, to endeavour to hire a boat—and I thou'dn't be at all surprized if she was to cross the bay to the castle this very night—hilt ! isn't that music on the water.

[Some notes of music are heard at a distance.]

Cloddy. *(listening.)* Yes—sure enough it is—hark ! it comes nearer—it's some boatmen singing as they row to shore—let us hide ourselves again.

[they retire.]

A row-gally with lighted lanterns on board is seen at a distance, rowing towards the shore—music and voices are distinguish'd, Chorus at first faintly heard, gradually growing louder—a noise like the splashing of oars occasionally distinguish'd.

Chorus.

Chorus of Boatmen.

Chearly, chearly, join the strain,
 Mingling with the dashing oar;
 As we plow the placid main,
 Gaining swift the welcome shore;
 Now of Scylla's rock take care—
 Of Charibdis too beware—
 Brisk and gay,
 Row away,
 Hold—now take the staff in hand;
 Spring on shore—we've reach'd the land.

CONSTANTIA, (*veiled*) *is banded out of the galley by*
 VALOURY.

VALOURY.

'Tis so dark, I wond'rous glad am,
 That we're landed, dearest madam.

CONSTANTIA—to Boatmen.

Thank ye, friends, for all your trouble,
 Stay, and I'll reward you double.

Chorus of Boatmen.

Glad we wait for your commands.

CONSTANTIA.

Tell us where the Castle stands.

Chorus of Boatmen.

In the dell—thro' yonder wood,
 There it hath for ages stood.

ANNETTE—*coming forward, as they are going off.*

Stop, dearest lady—the birds are all flown—
 Your father—your sister, your lover are gone.

CLODDY—*advancing.*

The old one, for certain, has carried them off.

CONSTANTIA.

Annette, is it you—do you treat us with scoff?

VALOURY,

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VALOURY, CLODDY, and CHORUS.

What old one, what old one, has carried them off?

Due:—ANNETTE and CLODDY.

If you stay, you'll be undone.

Voices without, echoed by voices in several galleys coming to them.

Holloa! Holloa!

Holloa! Holloa!

CLODDY.

As we told you, we're undone.

VALOURY.

Whither, whither shall we run?

Chorus of Sailors—landing.

Stop, and seize them every one.

Chorus—CLODDY, VALOURY, ANNETTE and CONSTANTIA.

This way—this way—let us run.

Chorus of Soldiers—rushing from the wings.

We'll secure them every one.

Chorus without.

We've found them—we've found them.

MONTAUBAN—with more Soldiers.

Surround them—surround them,

And bring them this way.

Chorus of Soldiers returning with CLODDY, VALOURY Ladies, &c. Soldiers assisting.

No struggling—no struggling.

VALOURY and CLODDY.

Release us, we pray.

MONTAUBAN.

Your entreaties are in vain,

Straight to prison you must go.

All

All the Party.

What's our crime?

Chorus of Soldiers, &c.

We can't explain—
When you suffer, you will know—

VALOURY and CLODDY.

Oh, ho, ho, ho! Oh, ho, ho!
That will be too late to know.

Duet—CONSTANTIA on one side of MONTAUBAN, ANNETTE on the other, lifting their veils.

CONSTANTIA.

Is it thus a young Lady you use?

ANNETTE.

Or thus a kind sweetheart abuse?

MONTAUBAN.

Annette! Constantia! Much I fear
Some sad disaster brings you here;
Is Carlos with you?

Four Voices.

No—no—no—no,
He's gone—and home we wish to go.

MONTAUBAN.

Home I'll conduct you—these are our friends; [To Soldiers.
All may retire—the contest ends.

VALOURY and CLODDY.

You are our friends—
The contest ends.

Chorus.

These are our friends.
The contest ends.

MONTAUBAN.

Comrades, farewell—all sheath the sword,
You'll march with us (To Soldiers) you'll straight on board.
(To Sailors.

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Chorus of Soldiers.

We'll march with you.

Chorus of Soldiers.

We'll straight on board.

ALL.

While the trumpets chearful sounding,
Echo thro' the woods surrounding.
Comrades, farewell, &c.

A C T III.

SCENE I.—*The ramparts of MESSINA, with a view of the quay and harbour, where a vessel is seen at anchor, with sails bent—on one side near the front, the gates of the city, with a centry box.*

The CENTINEL discovered on duty—A porter passes towards the quay, with a large chest.

Centinel. Gad! it's a raw morning—I wish they'd come and relieve guard—there goes another heavy load—I have seen old Signor Frattioso's servants busied these two hours, in conveying things on board that vessel—I wonder what it can mean? But it's no affair of mine—when the old begin to move off, there's more room for the young to move on, that's my comfort.

Enter six soldiers—HILARIO as one, in uniform, with large mustachios.

Hilario. Stay, my sweet—my dear comrades; don't leave me here in the cold.

Serjeant.

Serjeant. Peace, you ungrateful varlet—was'nt it at your own request, and thro' the interest of good Montauban, that your punishment of being a galley-slave for life, was remitted, on condition of serving as a soldier? and now would you still grumble?

Hilario. I tell you I don't understand the exercise.

Serjeant. Don't you? then we'll teach it you—come—proceed.

[They go thro' the ceremony of relieving guard—

Hilario does it awkwardly, and is left as Centinel on duty.

Serjeant. (Going.) At your peril quit your post.

[Exit with soldiers.]

Hilario. (Solus.) Now don't I cut a pretty figure, whiskered up to the eyes like a Turk, and loaded with arms like a baggage waggon—If I stay, I shall be flogged for not knowing my duty. Suppose I run away—no, I'll be *shot* if I do—I know the worst on't—to submit like my betters in office, to be cut up a little—here's an habitation for the future son-in-law to a Grandee! no furniture—no state apartments! (*examines centry box.*) However, here's a good lock and key to the premises, and they pay no taxes—but shall I never see my brave friend, Carlos again, nor embrace my divine Constantia?—no—no more salutes for me, but with a drawn sword, or a musquet—ah! poor, poor Hilario!

[Walks about, flourishing his arms.]

Enter CLODDY.

Cloddy. So, so, there's the ship I see—all ready to sail—ay, ay, I knew as how there was some infamous poaching going forward—but I'll expose the old curmudgeon—I'll fetch siller, and fetten her on—she'll cackle—I know she will—for no man shall take bread out o'my mouth—no man in all Sicily shall poach but myself, if I can help it—(*going, comes against Hilario.*) ah, Centinel! how do you do?

F 2

Hilario.

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Hilario. Zounds! this is Annette's brother—he don't know me in my regimentals—he may be useful (*aside*) well! how are you? It's very cold indeed—so let's get warm by shaking hands—you're a fine fellow!
they shake hands.

Cloddy. Yes, and an honest fellow too;—for when so be, I sees mischief going forward, that I've no hand in, I always tries to prevent it.

Hilario. (Echoing.) Yes, you have no hand in it, and therefore tries to prevent it.

Cloddy. Yes;—now do you see that vessel down in the harbour—it belongs to that old piece of totteration, Fractioso—he that is the Vice-legate.

Hilario. Rota, Sciota, and so forth. I know him—well, what is he going to do with that vessel?

Cloddy. I'll tell you—he has gotten a house in the remote part of the country, among the mountains on the sea-coast—and he is going to take his daughter there, and all his plate, and his jewels, and every thing he can carry away.

Hilario. What can be his motive for that?

Cloddy. Why, they says he don't like the Count Montoni, her husband, as well as he was used, and they have had words together, and I suppose he thinks, if he doesn't secure the property himself, the Count will do it for him.

Hilario. Likely enough—but hasn't he another daughter?

Cloddy. Yes; but she has no husband to make any claims, and to take care that she never shall, he has sent her to a convent.

Hilario. To a convent, has he?

Cloddy. Sure enough—to keep her out of the way of a most mischevous fellow, one Hilario—do you know him? he's the wickedest dog—

Hilario. Ay, that he is—I know him as well as I do myself—but see here's the old man coming.

Cloddy. There he is, an old rogue—leading his daughter to be banished—od rabbit it—sister can know nothing of this flight;—I doubt she ha' been off her listening, or she'd raise the whole city with her clack—
—how

—how a' name o'fortune has he made Madam Julia consent to go? But she's a sweet lady, that's the truth on't, and as tractable as a staunch pointer.

Hilario. Can't you contrive to assist the lady? I dare say you're full as clever as you're honest.

Cloddy. I tell you what, centinel—I wou'd do any thing to serve her, because why, when I accidentally tumbled down once, and killed a large covey of partridges, she interfered with her father, and saved me from a dangerous sore throat (*shows his meaning with his hand*) oh, you old hard hearted bit of justice! [runs out.]

Enter FRACIOSO, leading in JULIA, followed by a Servant with a travelling cloak and bat.

Fractioso. It don't signify talking—you must go and you shall go—and I will have you go—I tell you again, between the mad Count, and the cunning Carlos, I don't think my life is worth a year's purchase.

Julia. Had Carlos been so inconsiderate, as to entertain improper hopes, the letter you have just now obliged me to write to him, must have extinguished them all—Oh Sir! why did I write but to oblige my father—where do I wish to live and die, but under his protecting roof? Let me not however, be torn from my loved sister, the partner of my infancy, the only companion of my happy days, I ever now can cherish.

Fractioso. Your sister is safe enough in a cloister—she has no husband to frighten her poor father—don't you remember how fierce the Count look'd at our last interview! he knit his brows and said, “Ough! I will have my wife”—then you cried—“no—no” then he replied, “blood and oons! I will have her dowry” then I too, cried, “no, no”—so I am determined to hide both you and the property, where they will be safe from a furious husband, and an artful lover.

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Julia. Oh, Sir ! consider your distress'd child !

Fractioso. Yes, and I'll consider my distressed self—
I should not be surprized if they were to try to lock
me up likewise in an old castle—therefore dispatch—
come on board while there is nobody to interrupt—
nay, no demurring—who knows but that dog Hilario,
may have made his escape, and be now at hand to out-
wit me !

Julia. Must I then renounce every ray of hope !
Oh, Carlos ! Carlos !

Fractioso. Come, no crying—go to the boat—An-
thonio ! *(to a servant)* Conduct her on board—give
me my sailing cloak and hat—I'll but wait for the
Captain, and follow—take those diamonds, Julia—
there, I knew you would not be disobedient.

[Gives her a casket.]

Julia. Disobedient ! Alas ! an implicit submission
to your will, has brought on your unhappy Julia every
misfortune of her life. *[Gives her hand to the Ser-
vant, who leads her to the quay.]*

Fractioso. I think there is nothing else but misfor-
tunes when we have to deal with women—loss of
property, as well as loss of time, *(looking about)* where
can this sea Captain be gone to ? Centinel !

[To Hilario.]

Hilario. Your honour ?

Fractioso. *(Trying to put on his cloak.)* Have you
observed any body waiting here about ?

Hilario. *(helping him)* I have.—Give me leave to
assist your honour.

Hilario. Thank you friend—who have you ob-
served ?

Hilario. Two or three stern-looking fellows.

Fractioso. Two or three !—you alarm me—who
were they ?—what did they say ?

Hilario. They enquired if I had seen a little de-
crepid old gentleman, embark on board a vessel.

Fractioso. The devil they did !—I'm all over in a
tremble—I dare say that devil Hilario, was one of the
party—nobody else would have asked such a ques-
tion.

Hilario.

Hilario. Yes, he was *one*—I know him—he is now one of us—he's made a soldier.

Fractioso. That's too good for him—what company is he in?

Hilario. (*stops putting on his cloak.*) Very indifferent at present—hush!

Fractioso. Why, what the devil are you about?

Hilario. (*Putting his hand in the cloak, and bears it up to Fractioso's eyes.*) It can't be—yet it is—there they are again—coming this way—don't you see them?

Fractioso. See who? why you won't let me see any thing.

Hilario. Who!—the same stern looking fellows that were in search of the little decrepid old gentleman—and there—there's that fiend you talked of—that imp of the devil, *Hilario*—see, they're all with their swords drawn.

Fractioso. (*frightened.*) I'm murder'd—I'm a dead man. (*music is heard.*) Why, they have got music!

Hilario. Yes, to drown your cries—don't let them see you—don't look at them—get into my box directly, and I'll protect you.

Fractioso. Look at them—I'm so terrified, I can scarce see my own way—open your door, quick, quick—(*goes to the box.*)

Hilario. (*shoving him in.*) There—get in—quick—and don't stir til I call you—nor don't be surprized at any thing I may do—or say—but think it a scheme of mine, to get them away.

Fractioso. (*in box.*) Thank ye, thank ye, good sentinel, get them away as fast as you can.

Hilario. (*locking him in, and putting the key in his pocket.*) I will, I will—huzza! what soldier ever did his duty better—I've reliev'd the garrison—imprison'd the enemy—promoted myself—and now all that's left is to march off with the stores and baggage—ha! here's the Captain of the vessel—now to manœuvre him

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him too. (*Puts on FraBioso's cloak and hat, and throws his own away.*) Let me dress as becomes a Grandee—that is to be.

Enter CAPTAIN and SAILORS.

Captain. All health ! Signor FraBioso—the Lady stays for you on board.

Hilario. Captain, it is our pleasure to embark—farewell Grandee—I'm off with the moveables. (*aside, then goes up to the box*) You see I have got on your cloak—to get them away.

FraBioso. (from the box) That's right.

Hilario. If ever you see that dog Hilario again, depend upon it, I'll be close at his heels. [*Exit.*]

Enter ANNETTE.

Annette. A fine piece of work, truly—pop off one daughter to a convent, and ship off another to the Lord knows where—I have already counteracted the first scheme, and hope I shall be in time to prevent the other—Ha ! who is that coming this way ? It's the wretch Bernardo—he seems much agitated.

Enter BERNARDO.

Bernardo. Ungrateful, treacherous villain ! after having hazarded my life in his service, to make an attempt upon it himself.

Annette. Who made such an attempt, good Bernardo ? Who could be base enough to attack so precious a life as your's ?

Bernardo. Who ? That monster, the Count Montoni.

Annette. What, your friend and patron ?

Bernardo. The same—finding me resolved no longer to assist his criminal designs against the Lady Julia,

Julia, and her father, and dreading my discovery of the past, he would have secured my silence by the dagger's point.

Annette. That's one way indeed, of making one hold one's tongue.

Bernardo. I luckily averted the blow, and would have aveng'd it, but the disappointed assassin took refuge in a boat, that was waiting for him on the beach, and has, I suppose, fled his country for ever.

Annette. In my mind his country is very much obliged to him. It would be lucky if all countries could get rid of their secret enemies in the same way.

Bernardo. I am determined now, to make every atonement in my power.

Annette. Indeed, I think it's high time—So then, my friend, your assertion respecting the guilt of Carlos was a *mistake*, and the business at that old castle was—

Bernardo. O! name it not—horror and remorse o'erwhelm me—would I could see Signor Frattoso! he knows not that Carlos, whom he despised and rejected, has been the saviour of his daughter's life.

[*Frattoso peeps thro' a hole in the centry box.*]

Annette. None but such an obstinate simpleton as my master, could have been so imposed upon.

Bernardo. He has been deceived—grossly deceived!

Annette. Oh! he's always made a fool of—he ought to be lock'd up in some place for life.

[*Frattoso peeps again.*]

Enter CLODDY, laughing.

Cloddy. Ha! ha! ha!—sister—sister—help me to laugh a little—ha! ha! ha!

Annette. (*mocking*) Ha! ha! ha!—you don't seem to want any help. What's the matter wiseacre?

Cloddy. I'll tell you—you see that sh'p—old Frattoso

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tiofo hired it to carry his daughter, and the rest of his goods and chattels, to the Black Mountains, and intended to go with them himself—well, the Lady and the things are on board, the wind fills the main-mast, huzza ! there goes a farewell gun [*gun fires*] but instead of the old gentleman, who the devil do you think has taken his place ?

Frañiofo. Why, the devil himself.

Cloddy. No, but a near relation of his—Hilario.

[*Frañiofo gives him a blow on the back with his fist, thro' the hole, then roars out, with his head thro' it, and kicks the door furiously, till he bursts it open.*]

Frañiofo. You villain—holloa ! stop the ship—save my property, that's all I care for—holloa !

[*Roaring and stamping.*]

Enter CONSTANTIA.

Constantia. How has this happen'd, Sir ?

Frañiofo. Out of my way, Jezebel—I dare say you are as bad as the rest. [*Running about frantic.*]

Annette. How came you out of the way, when a man carried off your daughter ?

Frañiofo. Would he had carried you all off ! so that he had taken nothing else.

Annette. O fye ! that's not at all like my poor old grandmother.

Frañiofo. (*Running about in a storm of passion.*) Curse your poor old grandmother—there they go—but I'll be after them—you knave, you minion of that rascally Count (*seizing Bernardo*) come with me—get into a ship, and if you overtake that vessel, I'll save your life—if not, I'll erect a gallows, and hang you, and myself too—and you, you poaching dog, you shall make one of the bunch ! [*Exit, taking Bernardo with him, and trying to seize Cloddy, who escapes.*]

Cloddy.

Cloddy. Noa—noa—thankee for the offer—an I do swing, I should like to have the whole tree to myself. *[Exit on the other side.]*

Annette. Well, Madam—it's lucky I contrived to get you out of the convent—my talent of listening, has been of service to us all—tho' I little thought your father was rivalling me in my art—he has overheard Bernardo's full confession of the Count's guilt—and I should hope the old gentleman is not quite out of his mind.

Constantia. But what is become of poor Carlos? you said, when you delivered him my sister's letter—

Annette. Ah! the one her barbarous father forced her to write to him.

Constantia. Forced indeed, Annette—'twas the only alternative he left her, to save herself from being again committed to the power of her tyrant husband.

Annette. When Carlos read the cruel mandate, commanding him never to think of her more—oh! I shall never forget him—he paused—then read it again—then tore himself away, saying, he would seek refuge in some happier clime.

Constantia. I trust his friend Hilario knows of his retreat.

Enter MONTAUBAN—hastily.

Montauban. Lady, if you have any pity for your father, you'll hasten to the Quay. He is at this moment engaging a vessel to sail, he knows not where; and is so outrageous, I believe none but yourself can quiet him.

Constantia. I'll go to him directly—come, Annette.

Annette. Certainly—Ma'am—all these disasters are brought upon us by that detestable Count, your master. *(to Bernardo)* Husbands indeed! I should never think of such wretches—and if ever, Montauban, you attempt to put your wife down into a cellar, let me advise

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advise you to beware of your own upper story—come, madam.

[Exit with *Constancia*.

Montauban. True it is, I was a firm adherent to the Count so long as I thought him an honourable patron—now justice to myself demands that I should withdraw my services from one so treacherous and unprincipled.

SONG.—MONTAUBAN.

Vain are ambition's base designs,
And weak each fond endeavour,
While guilt the fabric undermines,
The heart is wretched ever.

Love, the dear inmate of the soul,
From honour will not sever,
It scorns oppression's rude controul,
And is commanded—never.

SCENE II.

A rocky dall on the coast of Calabria, a Fisherman's hut in view.

Enter a Fisherman.

Fisherman. (entering) Ah! poor Gentleman! There he goes, as usual, to mope and pine amongst those ruined places by the sea shore—well, if as how I hadn't been in the way, he would have gone near to have died for it—this duelling is a sad thing amongst gentlefolks, tho' it seems to gain ground now, amongst people who are no gentlefolks—I think I hear somebody approaching—pray Heaven it be none of the robbers who infest this part of our Calabrian coast—tho' they can get nothing from such a poor fellow as me.

Enter

Enter VALOURY—hastily.

Valoury. O lord! Where am I! I believe I'm safe at last—no, I'm not—here's another of 'em—forgive me my sins! Ah, Sir! sweet, beautiful Sir! pray don't rob and murder me; for as I live that favour has been done me already.

Fisberman. Has it indeed? Then I must say you bear it wonderfully—why, what does the fool take me for!

Valoury. Take you for? A footpad to be sure—no, I don't—I take you for a gentleman, an honourable gentleman, but a burnt child, you know.—

Fisberman. What, have you too been hurt? There is a poor wounded Signor hard by, that I have been taking care of for some days past.

Valoury. A wounded Signor! What is he called?

Fisberman. I think I saw on the back of a letter He is always reading, the name of Carlos.

Valoury. Carlos! What Carlos! He that is in love with the Lady Julia—he that is the rival of the Count Montoni—he that is master to the sweetest and best looking servant that ever had an appetite—where is he? Let me see him—I am his faithful follower—and have come here on purpose to make him laugh and be merry.

Fisberman. Then you are come to very little purpose. He's wounded both in body and mind—I fear, in spite of my skill, he'll not be long above water.

Valoury. Above water! Why, what's the matter? What has happened?

Fisberman. All I know you shall hear—returning from fishing the other evening, I saw land out of an open boat two men of decent appearance—more so than either you or I.

Valoury. (*surveying himself.*) Speak for yourself if you please—but go on.

Fisberman. I overheard one say, “This retired place will suit.” The other replied; “It will—and the event will prove who best deserv'd her.” Well,

G

they

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they walked into a wood—I followed, to see what it all meant—directly they drew their swords, and after a round or two, one unknown gentleman fell, and the other fled, leaving him for dead.

Valoury. And the other was the Count, beyond all doubt—oh, the butcher! But where is my poor master? Shew me to him.

Fisberman. I am only going down to the shore to prepare my tackle ready for the next tide; and if you'll follow me, in a few minutes I'll direct you to where the poor gentleman passes most of his time. He is sadly out of sorts, that's the truth of it. But my skill, perhaps, may do something. [*Exit.*

Valoury. (Alone.) I'll fated master! Wounded both in body and mind—however, I'll raise my own spirits, lest I shou'd damp his—oh! this love! They manage those matters much better in England, that's the country for people to marry in.

S O N G.

O what a country for people to marry in;
Love and its comforts they never misarry in.
Miss wants a husband, and master a wife,
Parents consent, and they're happy for life.

If one bed won't do,
They put up with two;
The good wife loves to roam,
The good man stays at home;
At night they retire from their merry go rounds,
He's got a few bottles—she's lost a few pounds,
If such the delights such fond unions bespeak,
Say who wou'd live single a week?

Happy pair!

Say, who wou'd live single a week?

II.

Fortune, perhaps, the dear couple may smile upon;
Field for the fair to shew off her grand style upon,
A coach and six horses—a service of plate—
A beau for soft service—a dozen for state.

Should pocket be low
To traffic they go;
A great rout is declar'd,
A rich Faro prepared.

Th

The guests return lighter perhaps than they went ;
 The supper's discharg'd, and the hosts are content.
 If wedlock such permanent joys can display,
 Pray, who wou'd live single a day.

Charming scene !

Pray who wou'd live single a day !—

III.

Lucky in these, they have other resources too ;
 Sweet separation, and tender divorces too—
 If our wife in a friend too much confidence puts,
 We thrust a stiletto straight into his guts :

They only look big,

By a Counsellor's wig ;

And the weapon they draw,

Is a limb of the law—

Both parties for damage good naturedly sue,
 And their wrongs are set right by a Nabob or Jew ;
 If husbands such recompense have in their pow'r,
 Then, who wou'd live single an hour ?

Pleasant rogues !

Then who wou'd live single an hour !

[Exit.

SCENE III.

A picturesque view of ruins of ancient magnificence, some standing in tolerable preservation,—some quite decayed and overgrown with ivy—the remains of a beautiful arch are seen in the middle, thro' which the sea is discernible.

CARLOS discovered writing on a stone, part of the ruins—his arm bound up.

Carlos. “ Here died Carlos, who lived but for Julia”—that is my epitaph—there the pensive moralist, or chance wanderer, may read the little story of my fate. Those who loved me, will shed a tear of recollection to my memory ; those who but profess'd it, may pass the stone unmoved—Oh Julia ! could I have believed you would have used me thus ? (*takes out a letter*) can it be her hand ? It is, it is—alas, what can so deeply wound the heart, or

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so fatally unstring each nerve of life, as coldness and ingratitude from the object on which all our hopes are centered.

Eater VALOURY.

Valoury. There he is—bless me, how chang'd ! can that be my once gallant master. Sir ! Signor ! Heaven be prais'd we are met once more, Sir.

Carlos. We are, and perhaps for the last time, my faithful Valoury—you are come to lay your master's ashes in the silent tomb—look there.

[*Pointing to ruins.*

Valoury. (*looking*) There—why what's that hole ? surely it is not a grave ?

Carlos. Why not ? what place so proper to terminate my woes ? Time's beckoning hand, amid these mouldering ruins, seems to invite decaying nature here to seek her last repose.

Valoury. Mercy forbid !

Carlos. Here is my death blow—fixed—determined—all will soon be over (*shows Julia's letter*) see—'tis Julia's hand—'tis she has sealed my doom.

Valoury. Dear Sir, don't mind what the ladies write—do let me lead you to the fisherman's hut—think how much more comfortable even that will be, than to remain amongst these broken bits of stone, so hard, that not even an ostrich could digest them.

Carlos. Valoury, observe my final request—I thought ere this, to have met the triumph of my toils ; but lingering strength still keeps me on the brink of fate—despair must speed the blow (*aside*) when you shall behold me disfigured, motionless and pale ; when that cold house shall take its tenant in, convey this stone to the spot—strew some damp earth on your departed master, then fix the monument, and turn away.

Valoury. Lord ! your honour, don't talk so dolefully.

Carlos.

Carlos. One thing beside—should chance conduct the fair one to these lonely ruins, point out the undeck'd stone, tell her, one tear will not degrade her honour or incense—I can no more—my eyes grow dim—my strength fails.

[Sinks on Valoury's shoulder.]

Valoury. Alas! my dear master, I am like an April day, I wish to smile, but am forced to weep; my faithful services were acceptable when you was happy. I hope they will be doubly useful now in your distress. *[A ship appears in sight, and salutes—*

It must be the same vessel that sailed from the quay 1st Scene.

There, Sir—do you hear that? Do cheer up a little—who knows but that vessel may bring you comfort?

Carlos. What comfort can it bring to to me? misfortune has clouded all my youthful prospects, and flatt'ring hope beam'd forth one transient ray, only to fix a gloom more permanent. *[Sailors shout without.]*

Valoury. Hear, your honour, how joyous they are—no doubt they're friends.

Carlos. Perhaps not, noise and uproar are often the forerunners of vice and profligacy—let us retreat, however, and shelter ourselves behind these ivy'd towers. *[They retire behind ruins.]*

Enter HILARIO and JULIA, followed by sailors.

Hilario. Away, you rogues—away, you've steered right, and I have rewarded you. *[Exeunt Sailors.]* So, our person is arrived, and all our moveables are safe—well, charming lady, isn't this better than the Black Mountains? they say Carlos is in this part of the coast—it would have been full as gallant, if he had come down to the strand, to receive our person on landing.

Julia. Alas! I know not why—my heart forebodes some new misfortune: I shudder at the recollection of the unfeeling letter my father forced me to write.

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to him—why did the country people tell us he was buried among these ruins?

Hilario. Only a figurative expression, as we authors term it. He was always fond of poking in odd holes and corners; so, the bumpkins call it, burying himself alive—Carlos! holloa, Carlos! (*calling and looking round*) Gad, was ever lady in so whimsical a situation? Her lover hid amongst piles of old rubbish, and her father locked up in a watch-box—Carlos! Car—hah! what the devil's here? an epitaph (*reads*) "Here died Carlos, who"—dead! why it is—O Lord! Oh! ho! ho! [*Falls on a stone.*]

Julia. What's the matter, Sir? are you not well?

Hilario. Well! y—e—s; very well!—never better (*rising*). "who died for Julia!"

(*Looking on the stone, but pretending not.*)

Julia. Has any thing happened? have you hurt yourself?

Hilario. I have indeed. (*rubbing his legs*) This stone's so cursed sharp—Don't you go near it—It will cut you thro' and thro'.

Julia. You seem greatly agitated. What inscription is that? (*going up to the stone sees and reads it*) He's dead! he's dead! (*screaming*) Almighty Powers! the measure of my woes is now compleat.

Hilario. Have patience, dearest lady!

Julia. E'en this I could have borne, Hilario, had your friend's dying moments witnessed my unshaken constancy, and ever growing love—but to suppose me base, perfidious—with his last breath perhaps to curse—Oh! 'tis too much, I can't support it.

Hilario. Madam, I have little comfort to bestow—yet, let me say, that grief, when tempered with reason, honours alike the living and the dead.

Julia. (*more agitated*) Here will I pass my drooping hours of life, and weary Heaven with pray'rs for Carlos.

[*Clasps her hands in a kind of frenzy.*]

Hilario. (*trying to raise her*) Rise, hapless lady—be advised.

Julia.

Julia. (with wild resignation, and trying to get up.) Yes—let me rise—superior to my fate; let me assert the rights of nature—no brutal Lord, no tyrant father, shall restrain me more.—Yes, Carlos, I lov'd you living—I revere your memory—you early taught my heart to feel, and its last pulse shall beat for you.

Enter CARLOS and VALOURY, from the ruins.

Carlos. Then am I blest indeed—my cares are flown, and joy and rapture fill my heart anew.

Hilario. (jumping about, and kicking down the stone.) He lives! he lives! down with the stone, and kick all inscriptions to the devil.

Julia. My Carlos! my first, my only love—do I again behold you!

Carlos. Generous, divine Julia!—and, my friend Hilario there, how has this happen'd?

Hilario. By making sure of the old one.

Carlos. What mean you?

Hilario. Only that I have lock'd daddy grandee up in a watch-box.

Julia. At leisure you shall know all.

Carlos. [kissing her hand] My ever lov'd, adorable Julia! you are the balm in every ill—the sole disposer of my future destiny.

Hilario. Ay, ay, all this is very fine; but pray let's talk of destiny elsewhere—come let's adjourn to some more hospitable part of the coast to a warm room, and—

Valoury. A good dinner—This cold place will starve us; I'll follow, Sir—

[As they are retiring thro' the arch, *Fraçioso, Montauban, Constantia, Annette, guards, attendants, &c.* rush in and stop them.

Fraçioso. Lay hold of them—down with them—hah! hah! what have you to say now, my valiant centinel? Here's the little decrepid old gentleman come again—I perceive you're in indifferent company.

Hilario.

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Hilario. [to *Carlos*] Zounds! what's to be done?
O for another watch-box!

Julia. My dear *Constantia*! save—implore—

Frañiofo. Silence in the Court! Let me get rid of
what I have to say.

Carlos. Honour'd parent of my adored *Julia*! if
you did but know——

Frañiofo. I tell you I know every thing; and I
know what it is to be locked up in a cupboard. First,
I say I have got proofs—proofs about the story of that
infernal castle—So, expect a reward for your conduct,
you treacherous Quartetto [*To Hilario, Julia, Carlos,*
and Valoury] What do you deserve, hah? you, Mr.
Justice on your side, will you have any more par-
tridges? answer me—no, don't—for I won't be inter-
rupted.

Julia. [to *Constantia*.] Alas! my heart rightly
foreboded some new calamity.

Frañiofo. Be quiet—I say I have proofs—damn'd
proofs—I have seen my sweet son-in-law, that was
—heard *Bernardo* confront him—I have taxed him
myself; and by my famous cross-examining talents I
have drawn out the whole truth. The Count is no
more married to my daughter than he is to me—the
ceremony was a base deception upon us all—he had
got another wife before.

Hilario. Huzza! and I suppose he has as many
castles as wives to conceal them in.

Frañiofo. Will nobody stop that fellow's mouth?
I tell you I have delivered him over to the hands of
justice, and *Julia* is her own mistress again, and free
to do every thing I shall command.

Annette. A very great indulgence, indeed!

Frañiofo. Yes, and therefore I command her on
pain of a nunnery to give her hand—to *Carlos*;
he has saved her life, and now let him preserve it.

[*Julia and Carlos advancing.*]

Don't say a word—I hate all speechifying except my
own.

Annette.

Annette. Most people seem to be of your honour's opinion—there's a dozen talkers to one listener all over the world.

Fractioso. Don't interrupt me—while I have breath to speak, let me go on—and that I may get rid of both my daughters, my two plagues at once—come here, you imp of mischief—take Constantia with a very small dowry—just to keep you cool and comfortable—arn't you a pretty fellow with your Rota, Scrota, and——

Hilario. Yes, I believe I am—I always said I shou'd be son-in-law to a grandee at last—My dear Constantia's silence gives me room to speak

Fractioso. Aye, and your dear Constantia's tongue will keep your's silent, if possible, when you're married—I never knew any of the sex that fail'd—Annette, doesn't that put you in mind of your old grandmother too? Zounds! here are the natives coming down upon us—we'll let them partake of our joy.

Julia. Words are inadequate to speak my feelings. Raised from the depth of woe, to the highest pinnacle of human happiness, I scarce believe the wonderful transition.—A short time past, my heart was fettered, and every sentiment of nature shrunk from action—now all the energies of life spring forth anew, and duty, love, and friendship, rush upon me—Oh! may each varied character be well sustained, that in the partial bosoms of approving friends, my future conduct may invite affection, and secure esteem.

FINALE Chorus.

Since the gladsome hour at length arrives,
Which affliction from remembrance drives
We may hope, with faithful friends and wives,
To be happy all our lives.

SOLO.

70 THE MYSTERIES OF THE CASTLE.

Solo.

Ev'ry joy that's worth possessing,
Friendship chearing, love caressing,
Life's invaluable blessing,
Nature's dear domestic scene;

Shall, with all its sweets surrounding,
Sweets that nurture no chagrin;
Sprightly song, and jest abounding,
Witness that the heart's serene;

For the gladsome hour at length arrives,
Which affliction from remembrance drives.
So we hope with faithful friends and wives
To be happy all our lives.

MONTAUBAN.

Age a kind indulgence shewing,
While, on youth its gift bestowing,
Will, their grateful hearts o'erflowing,
Feel its early warmth renewed.

CONSTANTIA.

Youth, with native ardour firing,
Love and duty, both conspiring,
Every vengeful thought retiring,
Is by generous care subdued;

Since the gladsome hour at length arrives,
Which affliction from remembrance drives,
Save the Bard who for your favour strives,
And be happy all your lives.



F I N I S.

E P I L O G U E.

SPOKEN *by Mrs. MATTOCKS.*

LOVE'S influence drawn from scenes of former years,
Why not pourtray it as it now appears.

Annette no more—the Italian confidante,
Suppose me now an old French gouvernante,
With coaxing cringe my pupil's heart to charm,
Discourfing fond and freely—arm in arm.
She in the bloom of life, and height of taste,
A yard of feather, and an inch of waist;
Waist did I say? I meant to mend my phrase,
The spot which was the summit of the stays;
“Young Charles,” she sighs—no—the old Peer, his brother,
“I love the one—then, marry with the other—
“His withered hands, so terrible to touch,
“But then the Coronet upon his crutch—
“Delightful thought! That puts an end to sorrow,
“I'll have him, if papa consent, to-morrow.”
What glowing love must spring from such a channel!
They can't be cold, who're always wrap'd in flannel.

Turn we to courtship in a different strain:
An ancient Venus, and a youthful swain.
The Fair, if won, a mine of wealth would prove,
The hero, poor in every thing but love,
A crumplin' she, head shrunk between her shoulders,
Mount on her back, attracting all beholders;
With Kosciuszko cap, and zone to bind,
The neck before, the prominence behind,
Her tiny person, and her cumb'rous pack
Look like a drum girt round a drummer's back—
The six foot stripling, firm in every joint,
Whose button'd trowsers brush the elbows point,
Whose muslin foldings all his chin enclose,
Meeting the pond'rous hat that veils his nose;
With mouth scarce scarce visible, you'd think our beau,
The man in armour at my Lord Mayor's show.
“Marry me, ma'am, he cries, and take your swing,
“Dam'me, I love you dearly—that's the thing:
“Who can such charming accents disapprove?
“My heart's too tender—I was form'd for love—”

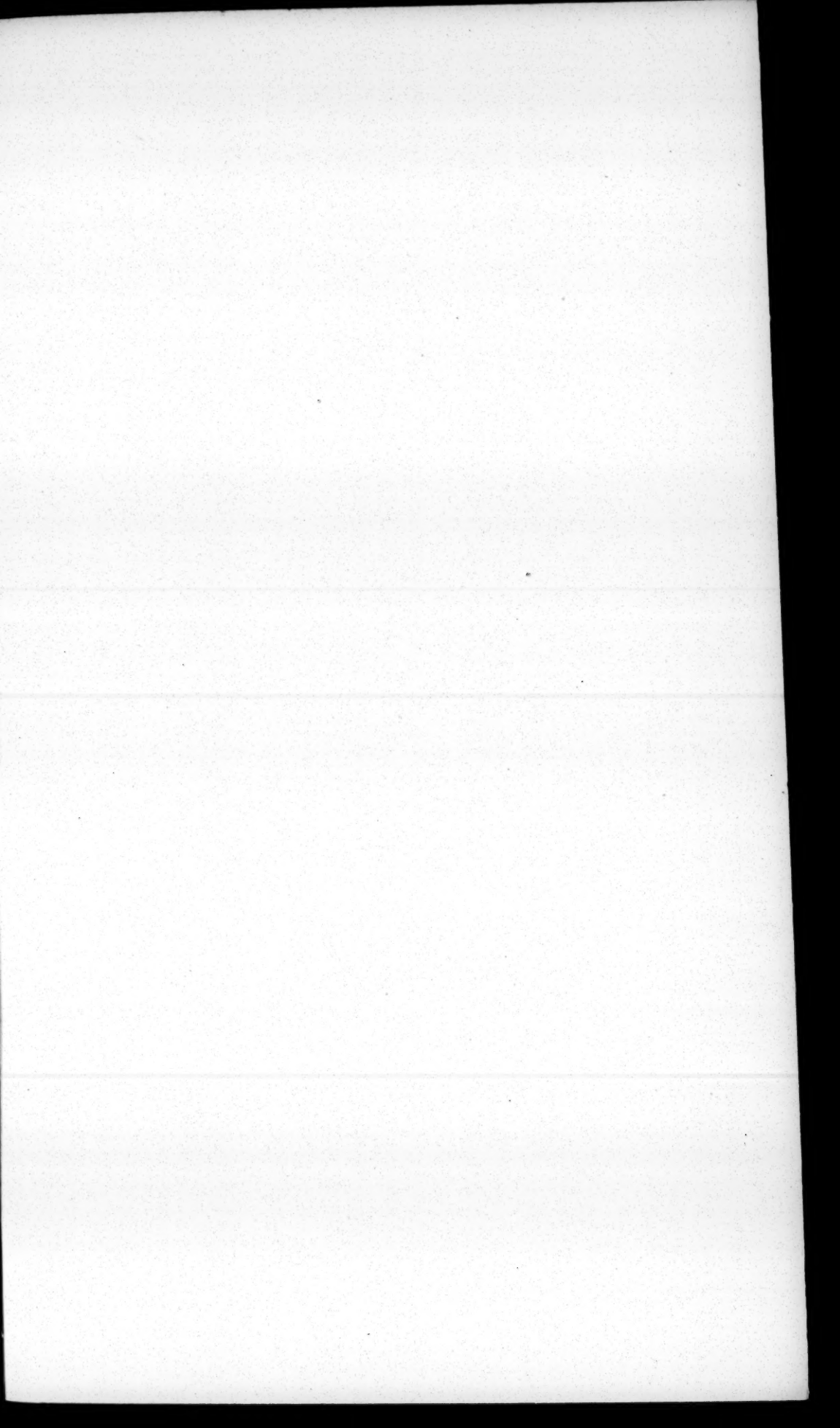
The

EPILOGUE.

The little Lady all on tiptoe stands—
He stoops—she springs—and so they join their hands.

If such of modern love the blissful state,
Who would not choose the love that's out of date?
Some bright exceptions, still we trust there are,
Th' auspicious nuptials of the Royal Pair,
May bring old fashion'd feelings into vogue,
And shame the satire of our Epilogue.
Long may they live, with fond delight to prove,
Life's sweetest joys, flow from connubial love.





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